

The Nation

VOL. XIII., No. 1.]
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1913.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K., 1d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

PAGE	PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ... 1	The Eyes of Birds. By Gerald Bull ... 20
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—	"The Pious Murderer," By A Reader from the First... 20
Democracy and Naval Policy ... 4	Anglicanism and the Act of Uniformity. By the Rev. G. Lyon Turner ... 20
Concert or no Concert? ... 5	Gordon's Leap. By E. G. Seymour Fort ... 21
The Money King ... 7	"The Church Militant—New Style." By the Rev. Theodore F. Bull ... 21
Second Thoughts on Mental Deficiency ... 8	The Scottish Temperance Bill and Disinterested Management. By Temperance ... 21
A LONDON DIARY. By A Wayfarer ... 9	The Burbage Memorial Fund. By the Rev. Stewart D. Headlam and Allan Gomme ... 21
LIFE AND LETTERS:—	POETRY:—
A New Way with Prophets... 10	In Hospital. By James Elroy Flecker ... 21
"Velveteens" ... 11	THE WORLD OF BOOKS ... 22
The Manner of Balzac ... 12	REVIEWS:—
The Rose and the Pruning-Knife ... 13	The Story of Reform ... 23
CONTEMPORARIES:—	An Aged Heresy. By William Archer ... 24
The New American Ambassador ... 14	St. Alban's. By G. M. Tyrconnel ... 26
LETTERS FROM ABROAD:—	The Land of the Abors ... 26
Almighty, All-devouring Militarism. By Ed. Bernstein ... 15	Carpentry and Workmanship ... 26
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—	BOOKS IN BRIEF:—
The Trouble in Bristol University. By Graduate ... 17	Letters from the Near East ... 30
"What the Government have to Face." By H. Shaen Solly, Arnold Abraham, and A. J. Marriott ... 17	Memories of Comte Roger de Damas, 1787-1896 ... 30
"The Educational Ladder." By Catherine Ryle ... 18	A Book of Famous Wits ... 30
The Rural Housing Problem. Hugh Aronson ... 18	The Monthly Reviews ... 30
The Erl Passion Play. By Mrs. Ayrton Zangwill, the Rev. R. L. Gales, and Elleen de B. Daly ... 19	THIS WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ... 32
Peacemakers, not Pacifists. By David Alec Wilson ... 20	

The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE surprises of the Marconi Committee were rounded off on Friday with the evidence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Following Sir Rufus Isaacs's final statement, Mr. Lloyd George said that in addition to the 2,000 shares in the American Marconi Company, which the Attorney-General allotted to him and Lord Murray, and which were sold (with the exception of 143 shares) on May 20th, on his broker's suggestion, at a profit of £743 to himself, he also, on May 22nd, bought 3,000 American shares (1,500 for Lord Murray). These were retained as an investment. Broker's interest was paid quarterly on them, but the capital had not been paid, owing to Lord Murray's absence in British Columbia. In all, he now held 1,643 shares in the American Company, representing, at the present price of the stock, a loss of £500. The Chancellor also stated that he had laid down two canons of duty to guide a Minister in his investments: first, that, in making them, he should not use information given him in his capacity as a Minister; and, secondly, that he should not invest in companies whose dividends or profits depended on Government contracts. As the

American Company had no contract with the Cabinet, and not a scrap of Cabinet information existed concerning it, he considered that his position was absolutely guarded. He insisted that his dealings with the Company were of the nature, not of gambling, but of an investment.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE added a full statement of his financial position, which he backed by tendering his pass-books and those of Mrs. George. He was, he said, a comparatively poor man. The savings of his salary had yielded him an income of £400, and he had built one house at Crickieth at a cost, including the land, of £2,000. The house at Walton Heath which was burned down was not his but Sir George Riddell's. Asked by the Chairman why he did not consider October and the House of Commons the proper time and place for a statement on his Marconi holdings, he replied that they gave him no chance of the complete disclosure he desired to make. He was, however, anxious to reveal the matter at the "Matin" trial, but the lawyers disallowed this, as irrelevant.

LORD ROBERT CECIL and Mr. Faber (the latter with small courtesy or skill) pressed the Chancellor to confess that the transaction was not wholly an investment, but had a tincture of "gambling." This he declined to admit, insisting that shares did not cease to become an investment because part of them were sold at a profit, or because they were carried on by payment of broker's interest. He denied that this amounted to a "contango." At the close of a long, and, in Mr. Faber's and Mr. McMaster's hands, a very partisan cross-examination, he turned in fiery phrases on his questioners, calling on the Committee to bring to light the authors of the false charges, and denouncing the "dastardly and pusillanimous" conduct of those Members of Parliament who had given color or form to them.

THIS was also the line of Mr. Samuel, who made a very good and clear witness. He, of course, denied all personal dealings with the companies, American or English, and included a ridiculous rumor that he had made a quarter of a million by speculation. He admitted that the contract of March 7th was discussed after that date, and the various details worked out. He thought his colleagues' dealings in the American stock quite proper, and produced a letter which he wrote to the Attorney-General, saying that the statements in the "Eye Witness" were gross libels, but concluding that the paper was too obscure and too worthless to deserve the advertisement of an action at law. Finally, on Thursday, Mr. George's and Sir Rufus Isaacs's brokers confirmed their evidence, the former declaring that Mr. George regarded the matter as an investment, and declined their advice to sell. It has also transpired that there were open purchases of American shares at the price at which Sir Rufus Isaacs bought.

THE Balkan War has entered this week on its most dramatic phase, with the belated and far from resolute

attempt of the Powers to stop the siege of Scutari. From diplomatic protests the Powers have at last resolved this week to proceed to naval action. Montenegro has apparently decided to defy the veto of the whole Concert upon the siege, and since the Note of the Powers was delivered in Cetinje, the bombardment has been renewed, and the important Turkish positions on the greater height of the Tarabosch range, which commands the city, have been taken by assault. The attacking party of two hundred, who cut the wire entanglements, is said to have been wiped out. The lesser height remains in Turkish (or rather Albanian) hands, and may render the captured position untenable. But it is thought in Vienna that Scutari cannot hold out much longer. The Servian reinforcements, numbering 35,000 with big guns, have reached the port of Scutari, and are now disembarking. By its fatal slowness the naval action, on which the Concert has at last decided, will come too late to stop the arrival of this fresh army, and, indeed, it is not expected that anything more effective will be attempted than a blockade of the two Montenegrin ports, Dulcigno and Antivari.

In form, at least, the intervention of the Concert is unanimous. All the Powers, as Mr. Acland put it, in reply to a question, will either join or acquiesce in the demonstration. Russia takes no part, but in a semi-official Note has indicated her approval. It was then suggested that France should act as the proxy of her ally. The "Temps" has vehemently opposed the whole policy of the Concert towards Montenegro, apparently as much from a fear of offending Russia as from a reluctance to act with the German Powers. But this is not the general view of the French press. There is no evidence that Russia has yet invested France with a mandate to act for her.

THERE was some hesitation at first in Italy, whose Queen is a Montenegrin princess, but it has been overcome. Germany will also send a ship. Our vessels were ready in good time at Corfu, but with this exception, the participation of all the Powers in Austria's proposal has been dilatory and half-hearted. While this aspect of the diplomatic position suggests the gravest anxiety for the future of the Concert, there is good reason to look for an early peace between Turkey and the League. Skirmishes continue before the Tchataldja lines with less success for the Bulgarians than at first. But Turkey has accepted the mediation of the Powers without reserve, and it is only on the subject of an indemnity that the Allies are making difficulties.

THERE is now fuller material towards a history of the siege of Adrianople, since the correspondents have been allowed to enter it with unusual promptitude. The idea that the Turks displayed abnormal fortitude is quite erroneous. Both town and garrison still had large reserves of food, and the only complaint was a lack of cigarette papers. The strength of the forts had also been exaggerated. One correspondent calls them a lath, painted to resemble iron, and they evidently crumbled up before the Bulgarian bombardment. The town was hardly damaged at all. On the other hand, the direct attack of the Bulgarians and Servians in the final assaults was costly, and their casualties were, roughly, 11,000 and 1,200. But the killed do not exceed 1,000. The Turks attempted to repeat their trick at Salonica, and sought to create dissension among the Allies by surrendering formally to the Servians instead of to the Bulgarian commander, General Ivanoff. The Servian

conduct was evidently both gallant and correct, but some ill-mannered press controversies have followed the siege in Belgrade.

THIN to transparency grows the substance of Tariff Reform. On Wednesday, two more skins were peeled off from it. Sir Frederick Low, the Liberal member for Norwich, moved a resolution declaring it "indefensible" to levy imports on manufactured goods while letting in agricultural produce free. The resolution contained a formula hostile to Tariff Reform. This clause Mr. Hewins, the great logician and economist of the Tariff Reformers, proposed to omit, leaving the rest of the resolution intact. Had it been carried in this form, the motion would have set up Tariff Reform on its Chamberlainite basis, and knocked down Mr. Bonar Law's substitute. But the device was abandoned, of course on official pressure, and Mr. Hewins put up to argue a compromise amendment, declaring for lower duties on Colonial manufactured goods (not food stuffs) and a ten per cent. duty on foreign manufactured goods, with the self-defeating objects of helping unfairly threatened British industries and assisting British agriculture. Sir John Simon, in an ironical analysis of this position, pointed out that it cut down the area of Colonial Preference to a matter of £300,000 or £400,000, and must fail to produce revenue enough to pay for a couple of Dreadnoughts.

MR. BONAR LAW's speech, however, made this tiny residual of Chamberlainism look smaller still. Protection does not protect every industry, for if it tried, it would protect none. It selects some trades, and passes over others. Mr. Law's difficulty was that he has been forced to pass over agriculture, at once the greatest and the most conservative of our industries. His excuse was very unfortunate. He hardly pretended that mere industrial Protection would help agriculture, and merely pleaded the absence of positive injury. This he illustrated by the case of Belgium—almost a Free Trade country. Belgium, he said, possessed a prosperous agriculture, with few or no food duties. Accordingly, he would apply to our farming interest a mixed Belgian policy of small holdings (which the farmer hates), State help and doles (which he gets already), and lower rates (which he is always promised, and never gets). He added a suggestion that a scheme of Colonial Preferences might be wrought out of future duties, though it might come to little on the existing scale. Mr. Law obtained a full party vote for the Tryon amendment and the Belgian policy (196 to 279). But his speech practically kills Protection, and his implied admission that industries do not want tariffs to make them prosper will be quoted on every Free Trade platform for the next twelve months.

THERE is not yet an authoritative German reply to Mr. Churchill's proposal of "a naval holiday," but technical opinion sees a fatal obstacle in the relative slowness of German construction. We should make up in eight months the leeway that would take them twelve to cover. With the astonishing financial details of the new military proposal, Herr Bernstein deals in this issue. Meanwhile, a feature of fresh interest is the development of German aviation. A million sterling will now be spent annually on this new arm, which represents an increase of £800,000 annually. The air fleet is to consist of eight large vessels, with two in reserve, fifty aeroplanes, and crews of 1,542 officers and men. The range, size, armament, and carrying capacity of the airships increase with each fresh construction. The station at Cuxhaven is to be rapidly completed, and the

official memorandum rather ominously links the new arm with the navy, and insists on its value as a weapon of attack.

On Tuesday, Mr. Charles Roberts proposed to do away, of course by international agreement, with the capture in war of enemy merchant vessels, save as carriers of contraband. We have often argued this question, and for the present must refer our readers to Lord Loreburn's exhaustive articles in favor of the reform in the "Manchester Guardian." Mr. Acland's reply was, in the main, to reaffirm the Government's willingness to open the matter for international debate, but he hinted that Germany was no longer willing to negotiate. He recited the familiar difficulties—the dilemma as to blockade, the chances of evasion through the power of search for contraband, the danger of making war too tolerable or too long—not, we should have thought, a pressing consideration. Mr. Acland did not refer to the Admiralty's partial surrender of the wardership of our sea-trade in war. But the shipowners will require either protection or immunity. They cannot go back to the privateering of Marryat's novels.

THE House of Commons often passes Coercion Bills in haste, to repent them at leisure. Mr. McKenna's measure, popularly known as the Cat-and-Mouse Bill, enabling the Home Secretary to let out suffragette prisoners on license and re-arrest them if necessary, is good so far as it abolishes or limits forcible feeding. This is, indeed, nominally retained for offenders of the more serious type, whose release would be dangerous to the public safety. But as this kind of prisoner is exactly the one whose resistance is hardest to break down, and as the Home Secretary declines to let any of the suffragettes die, the distinction must be nugatory. The constitutional objections to the Bill are that it makes punishment uncertain and subject to the Executive instead of to process of law. Furthermore, it must lead to continual games of hide-and-seek between the law and the law-breaker. However, the Bill was read a second time on Wednesday, by 296 votes to 43. On Thursday, Mrs. Pankhurst was found guilty of inciting others to blow down the house at Walton, and, after a strong recommendation to mercy, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment. Her chief defence was to declare the incompetence of a man's tribunal to judge voteless women. She added that she would not submit to punishment, but would hunger-strike, and come out of prison, dead or alive. Her followers threaten vengeance and hint at attacks on life as well as on property.

THE most powerful personal force in the United States died on Monday, at the age of seventy-six, in the person of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. He had some of the conventional traits of the Napoleonic financier, silence, bad manners, brusqueness, aloofness, and a habit of domination and command. But he was very far from being a self-made man. His grandfather was wealthy, and his father died as the leading New York banker. Mr. Morgan's great power and fame and fortune were built up after middle life, mainly by the leadership which he assumed in the process of consolidating the railways of the States, after a period of reckless and destructive competition. His aim was seldom wrecking, and his speciality was to reconstruct dishonest or inefficient concerns which he brought within the orbit of Morgan finance. His first step was always to secure control for the real investors, and then, as he once put it, to "see business done as it should be done." From railway amalgamation he advanced to the construction of the fabulously powerful Money Trust, and the diverse

interests which he controlled—industrials, banking, insurance—probably reached some two thousand millions sterling of capital. He was, on the whole, a popular millionaire, in spite of his dislike of publicity, gave largely to museums, colleges, and charities, and amused himself by his gigantic and systematic collection of pictures, books, and antiquities.

THE danger from floods in the basins of the Ohio and Mississippi is by no means over yet, and the swollen waters are still travelling slowly along the course of the latter, which it will take them a full two weeks to traverse. The worst is over, however, in the Ohio valley, which first received the rain storms from the Rockies. One reads of the river sweeping like wind over the towns on its banks, of the inhabitants clinging desperately to roofs until fresh waves swept them violently away. But the warning usually came in time in this populous region to avert much loss of life, and it may be doubted whether 500 persons were actually drowned in the whole flooded area. Far worse than the danger of drowning has been the momentary famine which followed the flood. The plight of infants who could not be provided with milk was peculiarly painful. The work of rescue and relief was everywhere promptly and effectively undertaken, and money has poured through press and city funds from the Eastern States.

LORD LLANDAFF, who died on Thursday, at the age of eighty-six, was brought by Lord Randolph Churchill as Home Secretary into the Cabinet of 1886. He had eloquence, manners, and charm, and a great career at the Bar behind him. One piece of semi-political advocacy made Lord Randolph think of him as a promising recruit for democratic Toryism. But though he won a great success against Mr. Chamberlain in Birmingham, Lord Randolph's hopes of him as a brilliant recruit to his banner were never fulfilled. He made rather a hard administrator, and showed want of tact in his management of the difficulty over Trafalgar Square, while his fastidious style and rather mincing manner were never trained down to the House of Commons standard. He was a devout Catholic of the conservative English type; and spoke on religious subjects with feeling. But his later career as Lord Llandaff was undistinguished.

A SINGULARLY vivid, sincere, devout, and lovable man passed away on Friday week in the person of Father Stanton, the most original of the group of extreme High Church clergy who, under Mackonochie, turned St. Alban's, Holborn, into a fort of the aggressive Catholic movement in Anglicanism. Father Stanton mixed his Catholicism with Radical, almost Socialist, politics; and, like Dolling, his prototype, united love of the souls of the people with a tender emotional feeling for their secular lives and troubles. St. Alban's thus became a true centre of Christian enthusiasm, and, as Father Stanton's heart warmed not only to postmen and costermongers, but to Baptists, of Christian unity also. Born rich, and with great capacity for the enjoyment of life, he lived hard and simply, and thus realised and bestowed much happiness. He had wit as well as humanity, and the feeling for him was attested by a great open-air procession of friends of all classes which, with crucifix and thurifer at its head, accompanied the bearing of his body from St. Alban's to Waterloo.

THE next number of THE NATION will contain an important article by the Lord Chancellor, entitled "A National Education Bill."

Politics and Affairs.

DEMOCRACY AND NAVAL POLICY.

WE do not, we think, take a too desponding view of Mr. Churchill's proposal of a "naval holiday" among the masters of European fleets when we anticipate less substantial fruit from it than from the general improvement in Anglo-German and Continental relationships, of which the restoration of the Concert is the first visible sign. In the end policy governs armaments. But there is one large qualification of this truth. The immediate fact of the naval and the European situation is that the commitments of yesterday govern the armaments of to-day. Our statesmen have to cut their way through a close, twisted entanglement of contracts, designs, ships, guns, fortresses, schemes of mobilisation and concentration, and fleet agreements between colonies and nations, before they can reach any firm ground of appeasement. Look at the disposition of our own navies. In 1911 the Chancellor of the Exchequer declared that we had reached the "climax" of naval expenditure. So far is this from the facts that the First Lord, starting from a great increase of Estimates, enumerates five new and formidable sources of fresh development. Bigger ships mean bigger docks, bigger guns, costlier fuel, more men, and more auxiliary services. All these things are merely fresh conduits, along which the taxpayers' gold pours in an ever-thickening stream. If that stream dries up, Mr. Churchill hints at a resort to the two Sinking Funds. We speak of Dreadnoughts, that wonder of an hour. But the competition is no longer in Dreadnoughts. It is in super-super-Dreadnoughts—that is to say, in a kind of vessel much further removed from the original Dreadnoughts than were the heavily armed and strongly defended "King Edwards" from that crowning type of naval power—and in so-called battle-cruisers of a still more astonishing calibre and cost.

Nor is there any finality in the choice of the big line-of-battle ship as the foundation of our naval strength. We have so little belief in it that we prepare and perfect half-a-dozen neutralising devices—the destroyer, the torpedo, the submarine, the waterplane, the aeroplane. All the nations start "scratch" in this new lap in the race of armaments, and science helps all. Neither in the heaven above, nor in the waters beneath, do we feel safe, for in an ominous passage Mr. Churchill practically abandoned the defence of our mercantile marine. As the result of a considered naval policy pursued for many years, we have covered the seas with fast cruisers of every imaginable size and fighting power, and we retain in this arm a superiority which no rival, Germany least of all, contests. A great proportion of this force would not appear in line of battle, for its special aim would be the security of the trade routes. Nevertheless, the sea-traders of this country are coolly invited to protect themselves against a grand revival of privateering comparable with the lawlessness of the French wars. The imagination of statesmanship is much at fault when a conclusion of this character is announced without reference to the obvious alternative

of exempting from capture in war the carriers of our world-trade and the feeders of our teeming population.

But Mr. Churchill must excuse us for pointing out that his general scheme of naval force and naval expenditure is bound to defeat his ingenious plan for relieving it. The suggestion was, of course, made in good faith. But if we would realise the measure of its attractive force for Germany, we must try and put ourselves in her place. Germany, which is a slow-building Power, must in any case turn a critical eye on a proposal which enables a quick-building Power to make a swift recovery from a period of rest. But the point is that the whole Empire will not be resting. The colonial ships stand outside the four super-Dreadnoughts which we promise to strike out of the Estimates for 1914 or 1915. And it is this conveniently loose and always fluctuating standard of strength that gives the German experts an excuse for persuading their public that our overtures are insincere. Take the formula of sixteen to ten. Our Admiralty volunteered it, and Germany made a concession of pride, as well as a marked advance towards friendliness, when she accepted it. But the quota is now formally raised to eighteen to ten, and Mr. Churchill made it quite clear that, as the result of the real competition of the hour, the unit of which is the super-Dreadnought, we contemplate in 1920 an advantage of forty-five ships to twenty-four, or well over eighty per cent. Nor do we see much point in enlarging on the detachability of the "Imperial patrol" for service round the Empire. What is the base of this new squadron? Gibraltar—the historic European base of our navies in war, and a convenient point of junction with the French fleet. Australia and New Zealand may well look askance at a disposition which, if we exclude, as we must exclude, the Suez Canal, and reckon for the voyage round the Cape, puts so many thousands of miles between them and these Imperial ships. No finality attaches to these latest standards of naval force. Mr. Churchill insists on having a little in hand for new developments in the Mediterranean. He wants a little more in hand for "the whole world-service" of the Empire. He can secure this, on the tables of strength which he exhibited on Monday, without the Canadian ships. But he is still resolved to fit them into his scheme of naval predominance. It may well seem difficult to call a halt to this whirling race of machinery, which is now driven, or soon will be driven, from widely distant centres.

Germany, therefore, may decline to join in a naval holiday because she thinks that its effect may be to depreciate her naval strength below the standard of inferiority which she has informally accepted, and not at all because she wants to nip the "tender plant" of Anglo-German peace in the bud. She, like us, would have an obvious economic difficulty in facing a sudden shutting down of work in her arsenals and dockyards. But if Mr. Churchill means what he says when he declares that all the armaments we now possess, and all the additions we propose to make to them, are useless, and bring no greater relative superiority to our flag, the problem is

clearly referred from the Governments to the peoples of Europe, and they are at liberty to take common action to bring this Reign of Nonsense to an end. Our own uneasiness arises, we confess, largely from the new objective imparted to colonial naval policy. Since the Borden scheme was commended to the Canadian Ministry, and indeed pressed upon them, and a direct form of naval tribute accepted, or extorted, from the Rajahs and Chinese and Malay laborers of the Malay States, a change has come upon the problem of Imperial defence. If the self-governing Dominions had been left to themselves, they would have quietly developed their plan of subordinate navies, manned and eventually built at home, but freely offered as aids to the Imperial fleet. Is the Borden scheme, and Mr. Churchill's ingenious embodiment of it in the "Imperial Patrol," likely to deflect this design?

Not, we think, in the end. The Colonies, it is clear, will not accept the Gibraltar basis, and the political arrangement which guarantees this mixed service of ships on loan and recall will not long be acceptable either to us or to them. It is not a democratic—hardly a constitutional—device to tax our people for the manning and maintaining of ships not ordered by Parliament and not provided in the Estimates. It is undemocratic, and almost directly unconstitutional, to give Canada, in exchange for her loaned ships, representation not in the Imperial Parliament but on a secret and nominated Council of Defence. Both peoples lose by this transfer of power. At the utmost the Dominions can only gain a sixth part of the total representation on the Council, and, as their interests diverge, even this measure of power is of little value against the proper and inevitable predominance of the Mother Country. The Canadian Parliament parts with control over ships she has built, and our Parliament with control over ships she has manned and maintained. Each country interferes with the other in a manner repugnant to modern and British ideas of democracy and representation. Canada is wounded in her pride of progress and invention and her ambition of nationality—the criticism of the Canadian Liberals is already salted with bitter allusions to the "Boston tea party"; while our admirals are given charge of ships which only half belong to them. Therefore we predict that Canada will revert, with Australia, to the Liberal policy of national navies. The "Imperial Squadron" will gradually be absorbed into its original elements; the Atlantic and the Pacific will claim their own again; and the "patrol" of the Empire will be divided between the Imperial Power acting for the Crown Colonies and Dependencies and the Dominions acting for themselves. This, in practice, will mean the restriction of our fighting fleets to the North Sea and the Mediterranean. By that time the democracies of Europe will have entered upon the inevitable struggle with their Governments for the rescue of their States from bankruptcy, and the preservation of their present not too exalted standard of living.

Time will show how we shall stand in this conflict. But it is necessary to remind the nation that the days of

surpluses are again over, and those of deficits begun. Next year will certainly witness our first two hundred million Budget. This year provision must be made for an expenditure of about 195½ millions, against a shortage of revenue of nearly four millions. Of that amount about ninety-five millions will be divided among old age pensions, national insurance, and armaments, in the proportion of twenty millions for the first two services, and nearly seventy-five millions for the third. Mr. Churchill's estimates of automatic increases forecast a naval Budget of fifty millions, and our Government may be invited to consider that every principle of the Liberal Party, and nearly every problem of democracy, are involved in the approaching struggle between these two conflicting types of expenditure. It is already time to think of a more definite and scientific application of the processes of graduation and super-tax, and of the taxation of inheritance, than we have yet attained, or than the German Government contemplates. Economy is gone; the peace of Europe is kept by accident and good fortune and with hairbreadth escapes from war; while the modern idea of "reform," that is to say, the gradual amelioration of the material lot of the people, and the raising of the intellectual and moral standards of the nation, is largely at the mercy of the Admiralties and War Offices. It is significant that, so far as Germany is concerned, Herr Bernstein, a Socialist leader of the moderate permeating type, practically renounces belief in a peaceful issue of this struggle. In this country it is less acutely developed. It ought to have a peaceful end, for our foreign policy has reverted in the main to the unambitious and entirely useful and human purpose of establishing a modified Concert as between the two European groups. But unless this policy has a quick reaction on armaments, Liberal finance, hitherto triumphant, will break down.

CONCERT OR NO CONCERT?

THERE is either a Concert in Europe which can keep its word and enforce its will, or there is a discordant collection of Powers, exposed by a decisive test in all its jealousies and hypocrisies. That is the larger issue which turns on Scutari as its pivot, and the absorbing human interest of this drama of race-warfare cannot even now obscure it. If the Concert can act at Scutari, it will find little further difficulty in settling the remaining problems of the war. If it fails, it must be the impotent witness of contests and spoliations which, for yet another generation, may make the Balkans the cockpit of Europe, and sooner or later involve the Powers.

The actual local issue, small as is its scale, is deeply weighted with human passions. For six months the whole manhood of the little Montenegrin people has faced a brave enemy in a strong position, and fought the while its own left-handed struggle against poverty, disease, and official incompetence. To lose Scutari is to make of no avail the sacrifices which have peopled every hamlet and almost every home with mourners. It is also (a small matter by comparison), in

all likelihood, to end the picturesque, if egoistic, dynasty whose family traditions are the history of this little rock of freedom. Failure seemed at the end inevitable, for events have shown that Montenegro had not the men, or the science, or the guns to take the splendidly defended Albanian fortress. But at length adequate Servian reinforcements are on the seas and within sight of the besiegers' camp. Will the belated and uncertain action of the Powers avail to hold up this second army before it lands, to end the siege, or, if victory should come at the twelfth hour, to force the victors to disgorge their prey? From the Albanian standpoint, the stake is even more vital. The civil population of Scutari goes in dread of massacre. The tribesmen of the mountains, whose villages are not yet rebuilt after their burning by the Turks, fear to exchange another alien conqueror for the Empire whose yoke they helped to break. This whole population, peasants and townsmen alike, dread the rule of a primitive race, strangers in blood and religion, in no respect their superiors in culture or discipline, and quite unused to respect—to any scrupulous respect—for property or law or religious toleration. The city, by reason of its relative wealth, its schools, and its nascent civilisation, is an absolutely indispensable element in the national life of Albania. One can as easily think of Greece without Athens, as of an Albania without Scutari.

Yet it is uncertain whether the unanimity of the Powers will suffice even for the rescue of Scutari. That any coercive action against a Slav race, and above all against a little State which has been for two generations practically a Russian vassal, should be unpopular in St. Petersburg, is perfectly intelligible. But we confess to a frank amusement when Russian statesmen affect to go in fear of Russian public opinion. There are brother Slavs in Warsaw who are quite accustomed to coercion, and public opinion has never checked the rifles and the whips even in those unimportant Slav centres, Moscow and St. Petersburg. Russian statesmen can do as they please abroad as at home, and after driving a hard bargain with Austria over the Albanian frontiers, they ought to have made it a point of honor to see that Scutari shall go to Albania, in fact as well as on paper. It is Russia which has delayed this demonstration, though she probably might have made it from the first unnecessary by herself speaking with the necessary energy in Cetinje and Belgrade. We should deplore the necessity for resorting to any overt military act of coercion. But if that should be necessary, the blame will fall on the hesitating members of the Concert, who first sapped its moral authority and then delayed the naval demonstration. The use of force ought always to be a last resort, and ought never to be undertaken save for a considerable object of real human interest and value. But the Concert did not hesitate in the past, when it was an effective reality, to coerce Turkey, or even a Balkan State. Montenegro herself owes the possession of the Albanian port of Dulcigno to a naval demonstration on behalf of the Concert. The guns of the European fleet bombarded the hills of Crete—to us a painful and discreditable

memory—to frustrate the just union with Greece. In this case the intervention will be undertaken at the double prompting of humanity and nationality.

Prestige is a word that belongs to the slippery vocabulary of sentimental Imperialism. But prestige in this Balkan crisis is a very real asset. If Europe, having declared that Scutari is Albanian, allows it to go to Montenegro, the frontiers of the new State will be drawn not by Europe but by military accident. There will be nothing to prevent the retention of the whole of its northern half by Servia, and the whole of its southern half by Greece. The Servians are at Elbasan. The Greeks are at Coritza. If little Montenegro can flout the Powers, it is idle to expect from her stronger allies a greater deference. We recognise gladly the moral claim of Greece to Epirus, mainly Albanian by race and Moslem though it is by majority in religion. Greece has paved her way there by her civilising work. But if the northern limits of Epirus are drawn much beyond the line of the River Calamas, which the Treaty of Berlin laid down, Albania can neither enjoy economic self-dependence nor hope for a future of progress. It is vital that such places as Coritza and Konitsa should belong to the Albanian State. They are held, it is true, to-day by Greek armies, which are conducting themselves, in contrast to those of the Servians, with a politic humanity and moderation. But neither the principle of nationality nor even the right of conquest authorises their permanent retention. There is no Greek population here. There is a nearly solid Albanian population mixed with a few Vlachs, and while some of the Christian minority is in places partially Hellenised, the Moslem majority, with a great part of the Christian element, is Albanian by sentiment as well as race.

There are, we fear, larger issues even than Albania. The few outstanding questions between the Allies and the Turks are in a fair way to settlement. It is not here that the danger lies. The crux of to-morrow is the adjustment of the Macedonian frontiers between the Allies themselves. While the Bulgarians have borne the brunt of the fighting in Thrace, and, above all, during these recent weeks when their armies have been immobilised before Adrianople, Gallipoli, and Tchataldja, their allies have been stealthily extending their area of occupation in Macedonia itself. To Monastir and Ochrida the Servians have no claim whatever, unless it be that their advance guard fought a brilliant little engagement at the former place with the rear-guard of the Turks. There is not even in Bulgaria itself a district more indisputably Bulgarian by race, sentiment, and history than this. Nor is there much more to be said for the Greeks' claims to some of the Eastern districts of Macedonia which they happen to hold. Of Salonica, we have always held that it ought to be a neutralised Hansa town, free to the commerce of all the Allies, and the natural seat of a federal capital. If it is true that Greeks and Servians propose to combine to exclude Bulgaria from the western and central districts, which are properly hers, there can be no lasting settlement in the Balkans, and in a new form the old curse of race warfare will shadow the future, as it has darkened the past.

Finally, there can be no partisanship among us for any of the Allies. They have all in some degree the vices of their unhappy past and the promise of a brighter future. The single principle which should guide us in any influence which Europe may exert in this settlement is a regard for the welfare of the population of Macedonia itself. These people, peasants, and townsmen, have their sentiments, their preferences, their racial ties, and their loyalties. It is to make in some degree suffering and unrest for them to place Slavs under Greek rule, Greeks under Slavs, and Bulgarians attached to the Bulgarian schools and political tradition under Servian administration. No clear line can be drawn, and some give-and-take is unavoidable; but an operation so delicate calls for the impartial mediator. Without such help a second Balkan war may rapidly follow this, and the strain on the Concert will be the greater because the Allies will be divided. For this work the prestige of the Concert is the first requisite. It can do nothing and influence nothing unless, in this first test at Scutari, it contrives to act.

THE MONEY KING.

IN Mr. Pierpont Morgan there has passed away the most representative man of our time. For while business considerations occupy a larger place in human life than ever before, the governing factor of modern business is not agriculture, or commerce, or manufacture, but finance. The Money Power, as it is now understood, is the creation of the last generation, which has witnessed the evolution of a financial system, the complexity, expansion, and potency of which were not dreamt of half-a-century ago. This new regulative force of world-industry and trade is credit, the most abstract sort of economic power. The discovery of this fluid form of money was not new, but the modern development of communications and of business structure has given it an entirely new significance. Now that steam and electricity have placed all the countries of the world in close, continuous, and immediate contact, Credit and its child, Capital, have been endowed with a virtually unlimited fluidity. Partly as a consequence, in most parts of the world, businesses have been reorganised upon a joint-stock basis, which enables credit to distribute itself freely and effectively from a few great financial power-stations, where it is generated and stored.

Mr. Morgan was probably the greatest, certainly the most successful, of the financial engineers engaged in this important work of collecting, creating, and distributing credit. It may be said that he was born to do it, for he inherited a respectable position in the banking industry of New York at the very moment when the rapid development of the railways, after the Civil War, was revolutionising American industry and commerce. In the interesting examination to which Mr. Morgan was recently subjected by the Committee on the Money Trust, he laid stress upon "character" as the actual basis of borrowing power. Credit means faith, and implies undoubtedly a moral basis for finance, though this element is often liable to be overborne by other less moral considerations. But it is certainly true

that, in order to understand the career and power of such a man as Mr. Morgan, we must look to certain qualities of intellectual and moral character. Clear, quick judgment, great determination, audacity tempered by calculation, absolute personal trustworthiness, such are the chief attributes ascribed to him. But luck nearly always counts in great careers, and Mr. Morgan was certainly fortunate in the place and position where he set out to use his oyster-knife. More clearly than any other man of his country did he grasp the constructive power of pure finance. Financial newspapers, in commenting upon his methods, are disposed to give chief prominence to his discovery that an astute and courageous gambler could make more money as a "bull" than as a "bear."

But dealing with existing stocks and shares was but a minor aspect of his finance. The real work of the great American money-king was to mould the larger industrial and financial operations of a continent which is in the experimental stage of railroading, of the development of its agricultural, mining, and timber resources, the building and equipment of its cities on modern lines of steel and electricity, and the provision of the banking and insurance involved in these colossal business propositions. Last, but not least, the great financier plays a large, sometimes a determinant, part in bolstering up the weaknesses of Government finance in a country where the public policy in handling monetary questions has been peculiarly feeble, shifting, and dangerous. Thus, for example, he was employed as long ago as 1876 in the huge operations which resulted in a refunding of the United States Debt on a four per cent. basis. In the grave crisis of 1895 he was summoned to advise the Government, and personally undertook to form a syndicate for floating bonds to the amount of over twelve million pounds sterling. In 1907, when the whole finance of the country lay paralysed, and nobody else could produce the "money" required to stop the panic, Mr. Morgan was found in possession of five million pounds with which the wheels of currency were once more set agoing. These great public services he rendered not for nought, and, alike in 1895 and 1907, there were those who raised the doubtful question whether Mr. Morgan saved or merely spared his country.

But the set of achievements by which his name will go down to history are those which come under the title of Trust-making. Organisation and consolidation are the respectable terms for the process of stifling competition in order to control rates and prices which is the essence of the policy in which America stands pre-eminent. Mr. Morgan was not, indeed, the inventor, either of the Trust in its strict legal sense, or of the holding company, its more recent substitute. In many leading branches of manufacture and commerce—*e.g.*, oil, sugar, tobacco, agricultural instruments—some great merchant or producer had carried the process of concentration very far. Mr. Morgan's special contribution to the process consisted in approaching Trust-making as the application of a general idea. It was as general financier, not as ironmaster, that he converted the Carnegie Steel Company into the "billion dollars" United States Steel Corporation. In this same spirit, at an earlier date, he had set

himself to consolidating into single, ever-larger "systems" the hundreds of struggling railroads in possession of competing tracks, a process which has proceeded continuously up to the present time, when it is estimated that the two groups which he commanded are in control of upwards of 12,000 miles of road. So, likewise, in the most sensational of all the Morgan combines, the International Mercantile Marine Company, formed in 1902 by a union of the principal Atlantic lines, it was the mind of the financial economist, not of the shipowner, that operated. In this last scheme Mr. Morgan struck most clearly the cosmopolitan or international note, which even from early days has distinguished the banker and financier from all other business men. Not only all sorts of business, but all countries of the world, lay open to the penetrating force of his finance. His houses in London and in Paris kept him in close relations with European finance, enabling him, for instance, to bring £10,000,000 of American money into our War Loan of 1901.

All these particular projects contributed to strengthen, enlarge, and complicate the distinctively financial system required for their execution. Hence the chains of banks and the linking-up of banking, trust, and insurance companies, of which so much sensational evidence is contained in the recently published Report of the Money Commission. The interesting machinery of this finance, with its Holding Companies, Interlocking Directorates, Trust Agreements, and, behind all, in its virtual omnipotence, the organisation of Clearing Houses, by means of which a tiny group of men issued their ukases to the banks of America, was essentially the product of the brain and will of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. No other man has ever played the game of business on so gigantic a scale and with so much success. Ruthless in the enforcement of his will and his ideas, he never infringed the rules which the business man's conception of legality and honor imposes upon this severe and often cruel game. The spending side of his career was one of equal magnificence, so that worshippers of power can find in that career a well-nigh irresistible appeal for reverence. Had Carlyle lived in our day, perhaps he would have enshrined the personality of Mr. Morgan as his Hero in Industry, if he could have satisfied himself that the thought and toil of such a life were grounded upon anything to which he could apply the term "reality."

SECOND THOUGHTS ON MENTAL DEFICIENCY.

A SOMEWHAT pallid and bloodless re-incarnation of the Mental Deficiency Bill has appeared on the Parliamentary scene. The genius of Eugenics and the closely associated spirit of the Ratepayers' Defence Association has been exorcised, and the Avatar emerges from the brain of Mr. McKenna purified from those elements of spiritual contagion. A comparison of the new with the old Bill will certainly suggest that, even under a Parliamentary system, discussion is sometimes fruitful in results. The original Bill was introduced as in substance non-controversial. It was slipped into a session whose main work was Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment. It was supported by the serried ranks of Toryism, and the

plaudits of the "Times." It embodied the wisdom of physical science. It took its definitions from the Royal College of Physicians. It translated Eugenics into action. Never was a Bill with sponsors at once so numerous and so select. It was opposed by two or three Liberal newspapers and a mere handful of Liberal members. The attack, six months ago, appeared a forlorn hope. But in substance it has succeeded. All the grosser features of the old Bill are gone—the wide and perilous definitions, the penal laws on marriage, the Eugenics clause, the arbitrary powers of the Home Secretary. Most of these points had been already met in Committee before the session ended. But the lapse of a little more time has given opportunity for further improvement, and for this we have to thank those ingenious Conservative strategists who snapped a vote and abolished a fortnight of Parliamentary time. The most direct result of their action was the loss of a Bill that was especially dear to their party and the substitution of one much more congenial to Liberalism.

Not that the present Bill is above criticism. It does not, in our judgment, approach the problem from the right point of view, nor was it possible to do so without entirely abandoning the policy of the earlier Bill. The first object of reformers should have been to finance and provide for the control of institutions for the feeble-minded, and to make these institutions so good that parents would be anxious to send suffering children to them, and that the children on growing up would be willing to remain in them. Such homes having been made available, and the public being satisfied that they were well administered and properly adapted to their purpose, it would be right to commit certain classes of the feeble-minded to them compulsorily—for example, children neglected or ill-treated by their parents, or feeble-minded adults convicted of crime. We should be much happier about those commitments if we saw the homes already in operation, and were convinced by their success. However, in these days compulsion is the magic word with everyone, and we must be thankful for having reduced the sphere of arbitrary action so far as has been done.

But there are one or two applications of compulsion which we cannot pass over so lightly. One type of defective who is to be committed to a "home" is a girl who is in receipt of poor relief when pregnant or confined. Now everybody agrees that this class of girl is more likely as a rule to be dealt with successfully in a home for defectives than in the workhouse, and it is reasonable and humane that, if proved deficient, she should be sent to such a home for her confinement and for the first months of the child's life. But under the Bill this humane treatment is the beginning of an indefinite sentence of seclusion which may become a life sentence. The case will be reconsidered after a year, and thereafter at periods of five years. But it must always be borne in mind that specialists in this type of mental defect deny that it is curable, and that the proposed object of many who support the measure is to prevent the procreation of children by the feeble-minded. It may easily be, therefore, that the officials who decide on the case of such a girl may be very disinclined to let her go free, and that

the end of the matter will be a life-sentence as a penalty for having been seduced. To avoid this consequence we think it will be necessary to limit the period of the compulsory detention of adults. It will be for the managers of the institutions to make them real homes and not prisons. They should be homes in which the patients, grossly treated in the outer world, will willingly remain, rather than prisons from which they may not escape.

Nor, again, do we think that children should be taken from their parents by the fiat of the local education authority. As the Bill stands, the authority may give notice that a child is incapable of benefiting from the instruction of the special schools, and this notice suffices to bring the child under the Bill. Apparently this means that the child can then be made the subject of a judicial order taking it from its parents and placing it in an institution. This proposal does not seem to have been sufficiently considered in relation to the claims of the parent. The law has a right to take a child from its parents if they are neglecting or ill-treating it, and if this is proved against them, it is proper that the child, being notified as defective on the authority of its teachers, should be removed to a home. But we should strongly maintain that no ground other than legal conviction of default should suffice to deprive parents of their child. It is, we think, possible to amend these remains of previous faults without destroying the Bill, and it is to the process of amendment that Liberal criticism must now devote itself.

A London Diary.

I SEE that the Court gives a very qualified denial to the report which I mentioned last week as to the King going abroad. As the point is of some interest I return to it. The truth seems to be that there is to be a wise and timely visit to Berlin on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Ernest of Cumberland and Princess Victoria of Prussia, but that no arrangement has been made for a formal round of European visits, at least until the war is over. A personal difficulty is as to the accompanying Minister. Sir Edward Grey loathes ceremony with all his heart and soul, and, like the King himself, is an infrequent and unwilling traveller outside the Empire. Failing him, it is hard to suggest a Minister (save Lord Morley) who may be said to possess a large and wide knowledge of European character and opinion. A Government unusually rich in attainments is singularly scant of this particular kind of equipment for modern statesmanship. How many members of the Cabinet, I wonder, talk French well and idiomatically? I could not name more than two.

I HEAR anything but reassuring accounts of the relationships between the Balkan allies and of the feeling among their troops. There is little or no disposition to yield to the will of Europe or to the dispositions in favor of a free Albania. Greece, flushed with her victories, and confident of her great powers of conquest by assimilation, declines to look at a boundary

drawn just north of Jannina. Her map goes much further, taking in Coritza and Berat, and only stopping at Lake Ochrida. The doctrine is frankly *beati possidentes*. Her troops are there, and even if Athens ordered a withdrawal, they might not obey. As for the question of Salonika and the adjoining territory, Bulgaria has to face an ominous *entente* between Greece and Servia, so menacing indeed that a movement of the whole Bulgarian army in Macedonia may be looked for as soon as the peace has been signed. All this sounds like the very madness of ambition, and many anxious thoughts are turned on the chances of mediation and the tender of good offices by the *Entente* as the more disinterested European group. Here may arise the second of Sir Edward Grey's opportunities. He has undeniably risen to the first.

THE Liberal Parliamentary Party is naturally and obviously anxious for an early Parliamentary discussion of the Marconi Contract, and they hope the ground will be cleared for this by the Committee making an interim report on the specific charges against Ministers. Indeed, it is possible that the entire labors of the Committee may automatically come to an end should it turn out that the Company refuse to carry out the contract, if in fact any contract exists. But in any case, Ministerialists are wisely resolved to break up the present close atmosphere of veiled insinuation and suggestion. And, on the other hand, those Unionists who have been living in this air want nothing less than a Parliamentary debate. Their line is to go on hinting without stating, and meanwhile to discredit Liberal members on the Committee by such tactics as Mr. Harold Smith's withdrawal from it.

WHATEVER may be said of the procedure of the Marconi Committee, its members are at least not open to the imputation that they have combined to hush and huddle things up. Possibly by design, more probably by chance, a latitude has been enjoyed in the examination and cross-examination of Ministers which, if it had been permitted, say, to the South Africa Committee of sixteen years ago, would doubtless have made Mr. Chamberlain, as well as a good many other witnesses, stare and gasp, but would at the same time have relieved the public mind of an uneasy sense of undisclosed mysteries, conveniently described at the time as "secrets of State." Critics of what are called the easy-going and roving methods of the Committee might do well to refresh their memories of the earlier inquiry, which, if a model of stringency in such matters, was also a monument of stultification.

A CYNICAL member summed up the feeling of both sides in the House of Commons as follows: "The Tories pretend to be shocked, and are not in the least shocked; while the Liberals are shocked, but pretend not to be."

I WAS glad to hear the other day that Messrs. Constable have in the press a considerable volume of Lord Milner's speeches, selected and annotated by the capable hands of Mr. Charles Boyd. The book is to be called "The Nation and the Empire," and will include

all Lord Milner's speeches, beginning with the South African series and concluding with his deliverances on Tariff Reform, national and social service, and projects of social change, which represent his general view of Imperial politics. I think such a book is due, and would be rather a welcome diversion from presentments of our problems which merely, or mainly, reflect the opportunism of the hour. Lord Milner probably represents a form of Conservative Socialism which is not so far removed from the expert-ruled State of Mr. Sidney Webb. It is a distinct point of view, and it will be interesting to find how, in view of Lord Milner's administrative experience, he proposes to work it out.

I AM told that Countess Larisch's story of the tragedy of Meyerling, which Mr. Nash is to issue, turns a good deal on the authoress's study of the Empress Elizabeth, whose confidant she was for some years, until all association was broken off when the Crown Prince and Countess Vetsera died together. Scandal, of course, attaches itself to such a record, but the study of the Empress, though very frank, is not, I imagine, unfriendly, and describes a sensitive, eccentric, self-absorbed but generous nature rather than a perverse one. The question is whether the book will reveal any political grounds for Prince Rudolph's death. The personal motive has always seemed inadequate. Countess Larisch's narrative, I am told, hints at such an element in the affair, an element involving, no doubt, the Hungarian connection, without definitely stating it.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

A NEW WAY WITH PROPHETS.

STRESS is often laid by panegyrists of modern progress upon the toleration and the open-mindedness meted out to unorthodoxy in religion and politics, or even to subversive social doctrines. The change of treatment is particularly noticeable in our attitude towards prophets. For a prophet's *métier* is to accuse a people of its sins and to warn them to flee the wrath to come, neither of which proceedings is calculated to win popularity. In all ages, then, a prophet has laid up trouble for himself in this world. Ruder peoples have always stoned their prophets, a rough-and-ready but effective way of getting rid of inconvenient truth-tellers. Milder-mannered peoples have tried suppression by the gag, or exile, or by the simple process of the boycott, sending the prophet to Coventry or Patmos. As liberality of thought advanced, the protective instincts of society reached a higher stage of precaution. Observing that prophets counted persecution as good for business, the guardians of the existing order decided to cultivate and feign indifference, and to let the prophet talk himself dry. The self-approval of our tolerant age appraises its liberality too high. For its toleration is commonly indifference, and its mind is open at both ends.

But there is a still more "enlightened" way of treating prophets coming into vogue. We disarm them and inoculate the public whom they seek to poison, by praising them. Men like Ruskin and Tolstoy strove by burning words to sear the conscience of the world and to force it to repentance and reform. Among other charges they deny our Christianity. And yet what can be more Christian than the soft answers we return to their outrageous accusations and extravagant demands?

We do not any longer boycott them. We bestow on them the Order of Merit; we do not burn their books, but buy them, and form societies for reading and interpreting them. We add their strong or wild ideas to our interesting collection. For when, as the reward of a long life of intellectual and moral agony, popular acclamation has bestowed the prophet's cloak and staff, the recipient and his "gospel" (for this title we now give to his bundle of pestilent heresies) become national intellectual assets. We are proud of our prophet and deny him nothing—except what he most wants and has worked to win. We listen to his deepest words of wisdom, the fruitage of his life-long toil of intellect and soul, and we say how extremely interesting it all is, how fine it is to have an old man with the courage of such strong convictions and capable of such splendid indignation! We did this to Ruskin, and it literally drove him mad, as readers of "Fors Clavigera" will recollect. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace is of tougher material and of better emotional economy, and though subjected to a similar treatment, preserves his sanity. He even smiles. For faith in a divinely ordered evolution gives him a comfort and security for a belief in human progress which Ruskin, after the decay of his earlier religious faith, never properly recovered.

As in Ruskin's case, so in Dr. Wallace's, we no longer stone the prophet and leave our children to build his tomb. We build it for him in his lifetime, and put inside it his works, and outside it a beautiful effigy, with a most magnificent inscription announcing the virtues he possessed and the services he rendered. Dr. Wallace has become a British institution. We are proud of him, and he can say anything he likes. What is more, we shall admit that he has said it very well, and that it much needed saying. But there his influence will stop; we shall not allow his thoughts to generate energy for action. We are afraid of utterances which are big, simple, and strong, such as prophets are wont to make. Yet, if we really were the practical nation we are supposed to be, we should surely be prepared to take more seriously the social doctrine and advice which this great pioneer of evolutionary teaching has drawn from the thought and study of a long lifetime. For within the compass of a single little volume, "Environment and Moral Progress" (Cassell), Dr. Wallace packs all the substance of his intensest thought and feeling upon the condition of human life in his own country and time. His attitude always remains that of the Naturalist. But his interpretation of Nature is so wide as to include the higher as well as the lower modes of life. When, therefore, he summarises his survey of social conditions by telling us that "the social environment as a whole, in 'relation' to our possibilities and our claims, is the worst that the world has ever seen," the statement ought not to be set aside as mere inflammatory rhetoric. Nor is it met by showing that many of the very evils and iniquities on which he dwells—the grinding poverty, the sweating, overcrowding, industrial diseases, and other miseries and burdens of the poor—were worse in the past than in the present. For it is probably true that "in relation to our possibilities and our claims" his indictment of our social environment is just. The active and widespread "unrest" is a simple testimony to this truth. For our "possibilities" of providing opportunities of decent material conditions, health, education, justice, leisure, and other requisites of a good life for all our population, have increased immensely during the last two generations.

Science has been mainly responsible for this growth of possibilities. And with the possibilities has arisen a corresponding growth of claims. But comparatively little has been done to meet these new claims, to convert these new possibilities into actualities. The growing industrial and moral discontent is directed against the increasing waste which our social system presents to the clearer consciousness of man. The "evolutionism" of which Dr. Wallace is the pioneer and veteran has made good against all criticism its central thesis that progress comes by "natural selection." The life of reason and of morals does not, as is sometimes falsely supposed, cancel this fundamental truth. Though the cruelties of primi-

tive selection can and ought to be suppressed within the nation, and in the relations between nations, the gradual disappearance of starvation and war does not involve the disappearance of natural selection, but merely the adoption of better and more economical modes of that selection. It is necessary to provide a social environment by which equality of opportunity for all may determine survival and parentage by fair tests of personal value, in which social fitness will be duly represented in accordance with the stage of civilisation that is reached. At present our environment is admittedly a bad selective agency; it encourages the multiplication of undesirables, discourages that of desirables. What is the remedy?

The artificial interferences which Eugenists suggest are impracticable, and would not achieve their object. For they leave the bad selecting agency untouched. We must alter the social environment if we would regain Nature's aid in the ascent of man. The changes of environment which Dr. Wallace urges aim at strengthening the co-operative structure of society, so that within the group the higher individual and social qualities may thrive, while, in the competition between groups, those groups where mutual aid and the bonds of thought and feeling it implies are strongest, will achieve success. The social reforms which secure equal access to land and capital, education, justice, mobility, and other opportunities, involving the destruction of private monopolies and industrial inequalities, are thus placed on a strictly scientific basis as essential to the furthering of normal processes of human evolution. In proportion as our men of science escape the thralldom which a too-restricted interpretation of biological laws has imposed upon their minds, they will come to a plain recognition of the truth that the progress of man, regarded either as an animal or as a soul, requires a focussing of all our powers upon the provision of an economic-spiritual environment which shall produce and educate the highest types of man.

One implication of reformed environment Dr. Wallace develops as of prime importance. A sound environment is necessary in order to furnish a basis of sound parentage. It must do this by restoring natural selection for marriage. Liberty and security of livelihood for all women, the option to remain unmarried, will stop marriages contracted merely for a home and livelihood. Not merely will much unwilling and unfit maternity be prevented. "When women are economically and socially free to choose, numbers of the worst men among all classes who now readily obtain wives, will be almost universally rejected." The marriages which will be made will thus be more largely the results of "natural affinity," favorable to sound parentage and careful rearing of offspring. Because the emergence of human mind and morals, and the social life to which they belong, involve spiritual considerations that are not applicable in the lower stages of the evolutionary process, it by no means follows that the operation of the lower laws is superseded or suspended. The power to adjust his material and spiritual environment to his changing needs for purposes of a better life for the individual and a better selection for the race, is the great intellectual and moral trust which Nature has reposed in man. The refusal of any nation to fulfil this trust is the unpardonable sin against humanity. If the performance of this social duty involves inconvenient disturbances of some existing institutions and accepted usages, this inconvenience is the penalty society must pay for disobedience to Nature's laws.

"VELVETEENS."

NEARLY every modern sport generates its particular parasites, and one cannot condemn a sport offhand on that account. Golf generates caddies; hunting generates "whips," kennelmen, and grooms; racing, jockeys and "bookies"; mountaineering, guides; rowing, the watermen; cricket and football, the "pros" and many more. Obviously, all such sports cannot be abandoned because of their parasites. Some of the parasites are obviously estimable people. A Swiss

guide's occupation is not what used to be called "productive"; it is parasitic on the wealthy. Yet, as a rule, the man himself is a good, even a fine, fellow. The same may be said of "whips." The effect on the country of multitudes of boys growing up as caddies is still uncertain. But we suppose about the most numerous and most powerful set of parasites produced by sport in this country are the result of shooting. We are not sure, but we believe gamekeepers alone may be reckoned at 18,000 and over. At all events, ten years ago there were about 17,000. This is more than half a modern army corps. Physically, gamekeepers are picked men, such as would be useful in almost any active line of life. When this large and stalwart body adopt a parasitic existence it is interesting to observe the effect on their own nature and the country's. Probably, most people have rather a friendly feeling for "the keeper." Some remember the days when he was the most admired figure they had seen—the kind of man they most wished to be, spending a life almost as good as a Red Indian's in moorland, wood, and field; master of guns, friend of dogs, enemy of beastly poachers. Others know him through such books as Richard Jefferies's early works, and like to think of his open-air manner, his sense for earth and sky, his knowledge of all the fowls of the air and beasts of the field.

The change may be in ourselves or in the keepers. But present-day specimens seem to have lost something of the enviable savage, something of that woodland charm. They have not so keen an eye for Nature, and a far keener eye for tips. Their knowledge of birds and beasts seems limited to the distinction between "game" and "things that want killing." And now comes Mr. Max Pemberton, J.P., and after some years spent in the heart of Suffolk, he tells us in some excellent articles in the "Daily Chronicle" this week that, as a class, the keepers "appear to be the least desirable class which Parliament has ever inflicted upon a community."

The keeper, Mr. Max Pemberton goes on, "has become the personification of a tyranny without parallel." We all know the keeper's "gallows," where, on some fence or tree, he nails the birds and beasts he has slain, because he supposes they are bad for the game and want killing. Some of the most beautiful and interesting of England's fauna are thus disappearing fast to make room for the pheasant, that will always remain an artificial and exotic-looking thing in our woods, so far from its native Caucasus. But it is not only our wild creatures that the keeper kills. All the cats and dogs of the village are at his mercy, and his mercy is small. Every pet or serviceable creature that is not kept tied up, but comes within his range along the edge of a wood or meadow, is dead. As Mr. Pemberton writes, "the keeper is paid to destroy, and, to give him his due, the goods are delivered." There is no one else who may stroll about shooting our cats and dogs, and nothing said.

But the tyranny over the villagers and small farmers themselves goes much further. The keeper in a game county is almost inevitably a spy upon the countryside. If a farmer uses his right, under Sir William Harcourt's Ground Game Act, to shoot a hare or rabbit during the daytime on his farm, he is threatened with eviction. If he persists in his right, out he goes. Or if he crosses his own borders for a few paces, the keeper springs on him and runs him before a bench of magistrates, whose first principle of justice is the preservation of game. Even if he keeps a boy to scare vermin off his fields, he is in danger through some breach of regulation. By the Poaching Prevention Act of 1869, still in force, in spite of all our Liberal Governments, any constable may search a man in broad daylight as though he were an escaping felon. Only in the interests of game is the outrage of such an assault tolerated. But the moment we get outside the towns, we endure it without protest. Mr. Pemberton gives as instance a Suffolk village in which the people suffer a tyranny such as no townsman could even begin to understand. "The keeper," he says, "is the one

man who counts in such a place; obnoxious to all, even to the very constable whom he is always pestering to do his own work, and calling frequently to Petty Sessions that some trivial prosecution may be carried through successfully."

No one wishes to bring an indictment against a whole class. So long as a keeper is paid to act as a spy and as a destroyer of all the birds and animals that "want killing," it is no good complaining because he fulfils his duty. Obviously, the fault lies, first, with the large number of well-to-do people who spend a great deal of their money on the pleasure of killing something; and, secondly, with our special and peculiar laws.

We do not deny that other motives beside the joy of bloodshed enter in. A few landowners and "shooting tenants"—we believe only a few—make a money profit off their "shoot," and combine the financial advantages of the professional poulterer with the amenities of the amateur. But, after all, most people shoot for sport; that is, for the excitement of causing death and the exercise of skill in doing it. The pleasure is an interesting instance of atavism. To primitive man the moment of killing a dangerous enemy or something good to eat afforded one of the greatest joys of existence. To slay a savage mastodon that was both dangerous and eatable combined every point of pleasurable satisfaction. In our country the ancestral pleasure has survived without the need. The most timid sportsman is not afraid of a pheasant or a hare, and he seldom kills it because otherwise he would die of starvation. He kills it for race memory—for a dimly remembered pleasure enjoyed by his remote and primitive forefathers. But the price we pay for this throw-back to the early life of man is in the enfeeblement of village life. The Game Laws have not only quartered half an army corps of spies and petty tyrants upon the country districts. They have created most of the crimes that come before the country magistrates. They have created the permanent and professional poacher, who is not, indeed, so "unproductive" as the sportsman, for he at least feeds himself, and often other people as well, but is usually a nuisance in the village and might turn his wits to more beneficial employment. Worse than all, they have created a sense of wrong among the best of our country people. An occasional gift of rabbits, an occasional half-crown for work as beater, is no recompense for that deep feeling of injustice.

Such injuries are not to be estimated. They cannot be stated in figures. But there are other injuries that could be estimated with fair accuracy, if an honest commission took the trouble, and the country-people might speak without fear. The farmer or small-holder is allowed, since 1880, to shoot the hares and rabbits on his ground, though, as we have shown, the risk of consequent eviction is often too great. But he has no control over the winged game, unless he is also a "shooting tenant," which he very rarely is. The damage done by winged game, especially by pheasants, is great, and though the cultivator may claim compensation under the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1908, he is again faced by the terror of eviction. In most cases, he suffers rather than complain. Even where the amount of damage can be proved and compensation is granted, or where a farm is let at a reduced rent owing to the number of pheasants, the loss of produce, especially of wheat, remains the same.

There is the further loss that, as every countryman knows, where pheasants are largely preserved, the ground game rapidly increases beyond proportion. Hares and rabbits devour the crops, and cannot be kept down. They swarm out of the neighboring coverts, and, though under the Act we have referred to, the cultivator may himself kill them on his own ground, he is bound by restrictions. He may only shoot by himself, or with one other person; he may not set traps, except in the actual rabbit holes; and he may not use poison, or shoot after sunset. Even expensive wire-fencing seldom succeeds in keeping rabbits out, and a careful keeper will assist the rabbits by providing holes under the netting for them. By the Act the cultivator has no compensation for these heavy losses, and we need not say that small-holders who try to grow vegetables suffer at least equally with

the farmers of large crops. The farmer suffers, the small-holder suffers, and the whole nation suffers.

THE MANNER OF BALZAC.

THERE is a classical definition of a novel (we think it is Stendhal's) which describes it as a mirror walking along a road. There is another definition which lurks in Flaubert's famous saying, "Madame Bovary is myself." In those days the story-teller's was still a developing art. It was rich enough to evolve its totally contradictory theories of method, and young enough to trust them. Its schools had the faith that believes, and, as a natural consequence, it was also a faith that denied. We believe in every method to-day, and the result is that we believe in none. We have neither canons nor schools. We have reached a tolerance that is almost indifference. Our shelves are crowded, and yet we would spare no masterpiece. Our contemporaries write in every idiom, and none of them seems foreign. We have reached, alike in our practice and in our criticism, an eclecticism which is apt to be as hesitating and nerveless as it is sane. We reject no manner or style, and incline to think that all fashions in story-telling are equally good and right, provided the product be interesting, and that the writer has contrived to reveal something on the way and to reveal it well. He may set his mirror on his own study table and reveal himself, and all we ask is that its surface shall be clear and the illumination brilliant. He may set his mirror walking along the high-road or dawdling down a lane, and again we are satisfied if only the mirror neither stumbles nor stands still.

It is only when one encounters a critic who is old-fashioned enough to have kept some dogmas in his literary furniture, that one realises how clinging is this slovenly modern garment of universal toleration. M. Faguet, in that rather dry and scholastic manner of his, has written an extremely discriminating study of Balzac ("Les Grands Ecrivains Français," Hachette), where nine in ten of our own living critics would have spent all their powers in eulogy, and spent them, one may add, with the unblushing resolve to spend them again, if occasion offered, in eulogies quite as unqualified of writers whose virtues or vices were the exact inverse of Balzac's. It is stimulating to meet a dogmatic critic, but, for our part, we are fain to admit that a dogma, when at length we encounter it, comes upon us like a provocation. M. Faguet is particularly severe on Balzac's habit of interpolating long reflective digressions in his narrative. It must be a thoroughly intoxicated reader of Balzac who has not, after extreme youth, found these digressions tedious. Their length is repellent. Their style is often as heavy and pretentious as their matter is commonplace. Balzac probably had of all great novelists the slenderest education and the most meagre reading, and it is only in a genial and receptive mood that one can accept his persevering efforts to play the philosopher with due solemnity.

But M. Faguet is not content to say that Balzac digressed tactlessly and ill. He must needs maintain that all reflective digression or even a running commentary of annotation is essentially bad art. In so far as he obtrudes his own opinions, the novelist is calling attention to himself and diverting attention from his characters and their doings. The dogma has a certain axiomatic truth. But none the less it begs the question. Why, one asks, should the novelist be debarred from calling attention to himself and his opinions? One expresses one's own individuality at one's peril. If it is not worth expressing, the book is by so much the worse. There are many ways of telling a story, and it requires a bold critic to say that any one of them is bad. Where is the fanatic of the objective method he would cut from "Wilhelm Meister" its reflective digressions, and leave it, if he had his way, the bald story of a theatrical amateur's life? The tense athletic manner of telling a story in which the novelist labors on every page to repress himself is as good a manner as another, when it is admirably done. But one might as well censure a Dutch painter for ornamenting his landscape with little figures of Adam and Eve, as erect a

principle which would forbid a story-teller to blend at his whim the essay with the novel. From Sterne to Borrow, it was the characteristic English manner. Who would grudge Thackeray his deliberate addresses to the reader, or Meredith his resources as a literary showman? Shall we censure Hugo because he moralised at Waterloo, or Tolstoy because he found the discipline of self-repression irksome, and evolved from the tense manner of "The Cossacks" to the splendid diffuseness of his later works? The art of the novel is too old for these dogmatistings. It has a long enough past to have broken every rule.

The truth is, we suspect, that this habit of direct reflection was inseparable from Balzac's attitude in composition. We call it a vice, and it was the man. With all his realism and his observation, he was of those who create from within outwards. He set no mirror walking down the road. Nor was he Père Goriot or Rastignac, as Flaubert said he was Madame Bovary. The metaphor of the mirror, if we are to adapt it to him, suggests a very curious mental gymnastic. We can see Balzac, seated, like some naïve old-world painter, before his mirror, engaged in the task of portraying his own features, which he has first distorted into a semblance of one of the passions. He said that while Molière had created a miser, he had given life to miserliness. It is the paradox of his method that his characters are in their first conception as abstract and as simple as the cardinal virtues and the deadly sins in the morality play. Grandet is avarice, and he is nothing else, Goriot paternal love, and Rastignac ambition. But they are passions seen with an intense and detailed visualisation, seen as it were in a mirror, while the devouring emotion takes note of its own color and lineaments. The passion has its own dress and gait. It is clothed to the last patch and button. Its bodily habit has been seen, and seen with all the exact particularity of detestation or fear.

Of some novelists one may say that their characters are well observed. It is the peculiarity of Balzac that one rather feels that his characters have been well hated. This unsparing analysis, this minute description of all that is most curious and characteristic in the outer man of his villains, suggest the insight of anger and fear. There is not here the cold realism of the dispassionate spectator. Each of these characters is a passion whose very name excites pity or alarm. There is observation so precise and penetrating that it seems to be at times rather that of the physiologist who sees the organs at work beneath the skin than that of the artist who has watched the outer man. But it is always an emotional observation, which judges and condemns, and loathes and fears. One imagines Balzac, as M. Faguet suggests, creating his passion, and straightway saying to it "go," and it rolls forward by its own impulse, through complicated plot to inevitable conclusion. The passion takes to itself the clothes that become it, and fashions the body that is its tool. It devours all else within the man, until it eats him into a morbid simplicity. The process is occasionally displayed for our inspection. We see Rastignac at the start a young man with some scruples and complexities, the relics of a normal education. The passion of ambition simplifies him under our eyes, until he is saved from sheer abstractness only by his concrete visible body. A chapter or two suffices to show us all the physiognomy of the passion; but its interest is not thereby exhausted. It advances by its impetus, stepping from indulgence to excess, and from excess to an almost cosmic wickedness, using the whole complex social world of corruption around it as its material. M. Faguet's metaphor is exact and illuminating. But the passion which Balzac orders to roll onward is never a mere animated mechanism. It is a thing in Balzac's own emotional world. He experiences it and fears it. It has met him, and yet he has felt it. It seems to be some facet of himself, which by an effort of concentration he has seen in his mirror, and seeing has detested.

It is because this manner of Balzac's is so much a self-revelation, that one thinks of him half with wonder and half with revolt. His pessimism was not that of a mere observer. He seems to be wilfully peopling the world with his incarnations of evil. "He knew all the

corruption of Paris," said Sainte-Beuve, "and he added to it." The men of his generation read of this frenzied quest for gold and position, which is his typical theme, and they fell themselves to imitating his Rastignacs and his Rubemprés, because he had convinced them that theirs was the normal behavior of youth. He set not merely a literary fashion, but a cult of the passions of life. He achieved the supreme and devastating triumph of all great literature. He created something which seemed to be more real than life, until life itself was fain to mimic it. While he lived, an artist in his kind had only two choices before him. He must follow him or react against him. We think of his method to-day with the indolence of our riches. It is one manner of telling a story like another, and a very great manner it is. But our shelves are populous with models. Every manner is right which has found a master to use it.

THE ROSE AND THE PRUNING-KNIFE.

SOME prefer the snippy sécateurs, an instrument that takes the operation out of the hands of the rose-grower, performing it with neatness and despatch, and getting over many more cases in the hour, though not altogether to the advantage of the patients. We like the good sharp knife, following the will of the operator to the sixteenth part of an inch, suiting the angle of the cutting-off to the whim of the tree, carving out as it were by hand and not machinery the roses of this summer from the wood of last year. The scissors are best for the novice, the careless man, or for him who has much pruning to do and little time to do it in, for the knife must be sharp as a razor and held with the hand of an artist if it is to shear off the superfluous wood close to the bud and without tearing or lifting the skin on its bed of sap.

The roses are running away this year with their own schemes of growth, perhaps, in the main, more beautiful than those we intend for them. That is, we are free to confess that a rose tree that lacks only one pruning has points of beauty beyond the duly amputated tree. The second year will tell a tale of untidy extravagance, if not of the sickness that comes of overcrowding, and the next year the bush will find that there is nothing to be done but to abandon a jungle that has done its work and send up wild suckers to replace it. That way the roses are running amain this year, and in many gardens all the spring pruning has already been done. That is passably well if no April frost comes down and blackens the new shoots with a touch far unkindler than that of the sécateur. But whether there be frost or no, stronger and equally early roses will come from the usual April pruning.

Green leaves are not all that the tall shoots have come by during the mild days of March. We find on not a few of them thriving little families of aphides, each of them capable, by their enormous faculty of multiplication, of smothering the whole bush. They begin upon the tips where the earliest shoots came, and the pruning-knife, passing far beneath them, condemns them to the bonfire, and preserves shoots yet to be born from their attack. What other and microscopic beginners of mischief may have come upon these outposts, fondly imagining that they would remain outposts, who can say? Enough is visible to make us content to use these early leaves as vermin traps, even if their removal should cost the roses somewhat. But the cost is slight. It is this summer upkeep of so vast an establishment that would strain the tree's resources, and from that we now save it by what financiers absurdly describe as a reduction of capital. It is a reduction of debt, and being accomplished just at the time when the bank is full of supplies destined for its maintenance, it leaves the remainder of the organism particularly well cared for.

The apparent paradox of pruning is that the more wealthy the plant, the less it should be pruned, and the feebler the branches, the shorter they must be cut. Our rose-trees are like fountains. Some with a very strong root-supply can spout well through a large pipe, others with but a feeble stream must have their force increased

by the constraint of a smaller outlet. There is no megalomaniac like the rose. It is, if we may speak so coarsely of the queen of flowers, continually biting off more than it can chew. We can hardly say which partner is at fault, for it has to be recognised that the garden rose is not an individual but a firm. The greedy roots, with thick fleshy fingers almost like bulbs, are wild mercenaries, whose sap the upper briars apply to their own artificial and complexly hybrid purposes. Perhaps the wild stock is more than usually rampant because it seeks its own expression, and is for ever foiled. It sets a pace that the tender thing budded upon it cannot always keep. The aristocracy of the latter attenuates as its empire extends, and the large, many-petaled and elaborately curled blossoms that captivated us in the nursery garden become thinner, and smaller, and wilder, if we do not cut down and concentrate the upper growth.

The pruning of all the roses in the garden with their three or four classes requiring different broad methods of treatment and their specific and individual idiosyncrasies, is a deep mystery which the average man shrinks from attempting to penetrate. So the clever professional gardener pays his visit, cuts out vast branches of old wood, shaves quite away much of last summer's growth, leaves some trees rampant and luxuriant, cuts the tips from others, and hacks many into the semblance of hat-pegs rather than rose-bushes. If he is a clever man he is certain in the main to be right, but the best man that ever breathed may now and then be quite wrong at the pruning of trees with which he has not lived. The hybrid perpetuals are rather too automatically treated, as though their initials (H.P.) stood for "hard prune." Under the treatment they produce their very best blossoms, but there are not enough of them for the mere amateur unless he pleads with the pruner for at least two more buds than the three that he is inclined to leave on each shoot. We let him work his wicked worst on some cheerful ruffians like Victor Hugo and Charles Lefebvre (and these may conceivably elect to behave quite differently in other gardens, and even claim the exceptional liberty that Caroline Testout gains with us). She, of course, is a tea, and the teas are respected more than the hybrid perpetuals by the severest pruners. Why? It may be because they belong to an older generation of rose-lovers who were kinder to their roses, or, shall we say? treated them more fondly. We should like to advance the proposition that there is no marked class difference between the requirements of the teas and the hybrid perpetuals. Only the sound shoots of last year must be left, firm wood with hard thorns that fly from the bark when they are pressed. We would rather cut a good one out than leave a soft one in, and are guided by the experience that eighteen buds on three shoots have more room and encouragement to produce their roses than sixteen buds upon four shoots.

With the pruning of the roses the garden gets at last tidy for the new start. Its untidiness was a beautiful one, and the pleasure of summer will be to see it renewed. The long, loose briars we cut off are an almost exact measure of those that will be produced from the impossible-looking stumps we leave. As so many dependents require sustenance, their removal, as we have already said, is a relief. But as so much hard wood to be carted to the fire they are a measure of the capital expended last year. The ash made at their burning, or its equivalent, justly belongs to the living trees, and the roses we have burnt thus get back. We crowd a yard of them into an inch of stem, and if there is not standing-room for them all at once, they must bloom through a long succession of weeks.

We can only thus telescope our rose-bushes by virtue of the fact that their blossoms spring from eyes placed all along the brier. Happily, there are other roses of other habits. The pruning-knife at this time of year has nothing to do with the ramblers and other multi-florals. To cut them down would be to destroy all their blossom. So the beautiful, long, green-barked and well-leaved rods remain in their place, leaning their undistinguished heads, yet to become clouds of blossom,

on the larch-poles, or waving in the free rose fashion their briars in the air. They lost their superfluous wood, old and hard, in the autumn, while they were producing the astonishing annual growth that now overtops the pergola by many feet, inviolable by the knife. Others yet more privileged are the briars named Austrian and Scotch and Penzance. Their far-flung arms are bending every day into more beautiful curves, as the fascicles of young leaves spread upward and rush towards the completion of their floral treasures. They laugh and are not pruned.

Contemporaries.

THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.

IN offering the London Embassy to Mr. Walter H. Page, President Wilson has made an interesting experiment. He has boldly reverted to the scholar-diplomat as the type of man most qualified to represent the United States abroad. And in doing so, he has paid a silent but striking compliment to the good sense of the British people. He has assumed that what we most value in the American Ambassador is not his wealth and his ability to lavish it on magnificent houses and huge entertainments, but his personality and his achievements, and the extent to which he brings with him the true flavor of American life. President Roosevelt, some five or six years ago, made the same assumption in regard to Germany when he appointed Dr. Hill to the Berlin Embassy. The circumstances were all but identical with those under which Mr. Page comes to London. Dr. Hill's predecessor was Mr. Charlemagne Tower, a gentleman of very great wealth. He was prodigal of fêtes and receptions, he leased the finest house in the capital, and he greatly pleased the Kaiser by the splendor he was able to maintain. The change to Dr. Hill was, as Mr. Roosevelt intended it should be, a thorough one. It was an appeal from the *rococo*, commercialised Berlin of to-day, to the city of plain living and high thinking of a generation ago. Dr. Hill had been at the head of two considerable American Universities; he had served as Assistant Secretary of State; from Washington he had proceeded as Minister to Switzerland, and thence to Holland. The Dutch had greatly liked him. They regarded him—it is the highest tribute that can be paid an American at The Hague—as a worthy successor of Motley. His "History of the Development of Diplomacy" had brought him an international reputation; and President Roosevelt, who was sincerely anxious to break up the system under which the big prizes in the diplomatic service were reserved for millionaires, thought himself fortunate in persuading Dr. Hill to accept the Berlin Embassy. There is no need to go into the details of the unhappy but illuminating sequel when the Kaiser learned that whatever might be Dr. Hill's other qualifications for the post, his private means would only permit him to maintain a modest establishment, and that the days of splash and glitter were over. It was one of those incidents that tested and revealed a man and a society, and neither the Kaiser nor Berlin came out of it with credit.

It so happens that in London also the last three American Ambassadors have all been men of very large means. In Mr. Hay's case and in Mr. Choate's the circumstance counted for little or nothing in enabling them to win the position they came to hold in British society and public life. It was thrown into its proper insignificance by the variety and attractiveness of their other endowments. But it would be absurd to pretend that the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid was quite so successful in disguising the fact that he was a millionaire. Mr. Reid had been a journalist and editor of considerable influence and distinction, and had served his country by no means without success as its representative in some important crises before he was appointed to the London Embassy. He had a great fondness and talent for society, much versatility, and an ingratiating manner.

But it was as a man of unusual wealth that he was chiefly known, both in America and in Great Britain; and his Ambassadorship was distinguished beyond all others by a lavish hospitality, and by the highly elaborate scale on which he preferred to live. To many Englishmen and to not a few Americans there was something incongruous in the spectacle of the representative of the United States, a Republic that is still officially supposed to be dedicated to "Jeffersonian simplicity," inhabiting the most splendid mansion in London, and maintaining a considerably more than ducal state. It was difficult to harmonise such a spectacle with the invigorating and democratic Americanism which was of the essence, for instance, of Mr. Lowell's character as it was of Mr. Hay's and Mr. Choate's. President Wilson was right in thinking that on public rather than on personal grounds, and from the American even more than from the British standpoint, there should be a change of type, or rather a reversion to the Bancroft, Washington Irving, and Lowell type; and that it should be clearly demonstrated that, even in these spendthrift days, wealth is not an essential in the nominee to the London Embassy. We welcome and honor that demonstration. It fits in with one's conception of what America should be, and, at her best, really is, and it may not be without its usefulness in restoring to London society a juster sense of values.

President Wilson could hardly have chosen a more fitting instrument for his venture than Mr. Walter Page. The present writer, who has enjoyed Mr. Page's friendship for fifteen years and more, can testify that he is an admirable representative of the real American aristocracy of public service and character. A man of an alert, catholic, discriminating, and thoroughly modern mind, a keen and sensitive judge of literature, a writer of vivid and supple power, and a publicist who has devoted a lifetime of sincere and practical idealism to great causes, Mr. Page is one of the foremost of the remarkable body of men who, within the past twenty years, have made of American journalism a potent agency for righteousness and reform. He has edited both the "Forum" and the "Atlantic Monthly" with equal power and success, and some twelve years ago he founded, in the "World's Work," what is probably the most distinctive and original monthly in the English language. Himself a Southerner, and one who has done more than any other American to explain and assist the "new South," his profession and his avocations have made him almost as familiar as Mr. Roosevelt himself with the life and problems of all sections of the United States. The crusader in him is directed, but in no way hampered, by a dispassionate lucidity and by a singular capacity for assimilating experience. To one who has met him it comes as a surprise to learn that he is in his fifty-ninth year, so fresh and buoyant is his outlook on life, and so clear runs his native stream of zealous and humorous optimism. That is the kind of American whom we in England are ready to prize for his own sake, one in whom we recognise the authentic salt of Americanism, and who will assuredly suffer not at all, and gain much, by coming to us simply on his own merits as a citizen and servant of the Republic.

Nevertheless, a weaker man, not so capable of taking a line of his own, and of a less confident and striking individuality, might well feel a certain embarrassment in succeeding to a post that necessarily entails a measure of semi-public hospitality and display, and that has so long been held by the possessors of ample means. But it is an embarrassment that can hardly be avoided so long as the United States declines to furnish her Ambassadors with an official residence and to pay them an adequate salary. In the American diplomatic service there are no examinations, no security of tenure, no regular and recognised system of promotion, and no pensions. All the appointments are made in the first instance by the President, and the men he appoints belong, as a rule, to his own party. When the other side comes in there is nothing to prevent a clean and world-wide sweep of every American representative, from the most-honored Ambassador down to the rawest Third Secretary. The niggardliness, moreover, with which America treats her Ambassadors is another obstacle. Their fixed and

inclusive salary is £3,500 a year, and out of that they have to pay their own house rent as well as all private living expenses. The consequence is that diplomacy in America is regarded rather as a diversion than as a career, and that only men who can afford to dip heavily into their private purses think of pursuing it. There is, of course, a risk to be run if American Ambassadors were furnished in each capital with a permanent abode, and if their salaries were made commensurate with their unavoidable expenses. It is the risk that the politicians might then find it worth while—financially worth while—to suggest themselves as fit and proper persons for the posts. But the risk, if it cannot be evaded, ought to be faced, unless the present unsatisfactory and unequal system which can only produce good results in spite of itself, is to be continued indefinitely.

Letters from Abroad.

ALMIGHTY, ALL-DEVOURING MILITARISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Bills for the new increase of the German Army and for the increased taxation to cover its costs are out. The peace-footing of the Army is to be raised by some 4,000 officers, 15,000 non-commissioned officers, and 117,000 privates, including lance-corporals. Eighteen third battalions are to be added to as many of the existing infantry regiments; six new regiments of horse and three new regiments of foot artillery will be formed. The transport service will be increased by thirteen battalions, and eighteen rifle battalions will be strengthened by companies of cyclists and machine-gunners. Four Bavarian regiments of horse will receive a fifth squadron each, and the batteries of the field-artillery, though not increased in numbers, will be considerably strengthened in equipment and auxiliaries. The expenditure for arming and lodging these new troops, for barracks and drilling grounds, for horses and aviation, for magazines, stores, and conveyances, engineering and medical provision, is calculated at 884 millions of marks, the increase in the current or regular expenditure at 180 to 190 millions of marks; but it will most likely turn out to be a good deal more.

To cover the first costs an extraordinary contribution, called *Wehrbeitrag* (payment for the defence), is to be raised in the shape of a tax of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on all fortunes from 10,000 marks upward, and a mixture of direct and indirect taxation, of Imperial taxes, and a capitation quota from the States, is to provide for the regular additional expenditure.

Two reasons are given for these new military demands. The first is the changes in the relative strength of the Powers in Europe produced by the Balkan War and the necessity for Germany to protect long, and partly open, frontiers against a possible attack from more than one enemy if a war be forced on it. The second is the fact that the numerical strength of the German Army has not kept pace with the growth of the population, that all the elements suited to military service are at present not enlisted and trained, though the universal military service is the approved foundation of Germany's strength. Making universal military service a reality would keep the army young, and free the country from the necessity, in the case of a war, of putting the elder men—husbands and fathers of children—into the first line, while younger men remain behind and are trained only after the point of danger has appeared. "The leading idea of the Bill is the completion of universal service in accordance with the actual population."

The latter sentence sounds well enough in the ears of a democrat. Universal training for the defence of the country is a plank in the platform of the German Social Democratic Party. The communistic manifesto that the worker has no fatherland has never been accepted by it in its literal sense. But it is hardly necessary to point out that in order to be a democratic

institution universal military service calls for a democratic constitution of the nation in arms, a democratic constitution of the country as a whole, and, particularly, democratic control of the foreign policy of the country. This last condition is less fully realised in Germany than in any other European country, Russia excepted. As an Empire Germany corresponds in a high degree to Bonapartist Imperialism.

Besides, it is not true that the numerical strength of the German Army has not kept pace with the increase of the population. The truth is that at no time has the recruiting of soldiers corresponded to the number of those liable and fit for military service. The German Army Law stipulates only for the liability of every fit adult to military service. But from the outset and in all its subsequent emendations it has fixed the number of men actually to be enlisted at considerably below the number of those liable for service. In 1872, the first year after the foundation of the Empire, the strength of the Army on peace footing was 350,000, with a population of 41,230,000. To-day the population is about 67,000,000, and the numerical strength of the Army 667,000. Whilst the population increased by 63 per cent., the increase of the Army has been about 90 per cent. The proposed new increase will bring the whole strength under the flag up to over 800,000.

It is something appalling. And yet, apart from the Social Democrats, there is no opposition worth speaking of. Some papers of the Populist Party venture on a timid criticism. But none go so far as to advocate a consistent and thorough opposition. In 1893, when the then Chancellor, Count Caprivi, proposed an increase of the Army not half as large as the present, he felt bound to offer as a compensation a reduction of the years of actual service from three to two years for the infantry. There is evidence to show that even this term is much too long, and that a great reduction can be effected without impairing the efficiency of the ordinary soldier. In the past our progressive Liberals put this forward as their demand. To-day only faint and isolated voices are heard in their camp to this effect. The same may be said of all suggestions for transforming the Army into a national force in the democratic sense of this word. Any proposal seriously to alter its Imperialist constitution would be voted down by all the non-Socialist parties of the Reichstag. Militarism holds the field here as elsewhere.

It is highly significant of the spirit of our age that the desire for social reforms is much more developed to-day than readiness to promote a stay in armaments. Your correspondent is an ardent adherent of Socialistic transformation by way of successive ameliorative reforms. Many signs point to the practicability of such a policy. But from the vicious circle of this mad and ruinous race in armaments there seems to be no way out as long as the present organisation of society lasts. If for nothing else, then to stop the race, nothing short of a revolutionary upheaval seems adequate.

It can already be taken for granted that the military demands of the Government will in the main be adopted by a large majority of the Reichstag. A somewhat serious quarrel may arise on the question by whom and how the piper is to be paid. For good reasons the Government has taken care to separate this question from its military proposals. Expenditure and supply are absolutely disconnected. Otherwise the Government would be wholly at the mercy of the Agrarians.

Taken as a whole, the four Bills for covering the costs of the measure lack all coherent finance. No great leading idea of taxation can be detected; expediency and the desire to scrape together as much money as possible, with a modest, very modest, show of decency, have determined their form. Even the proposed extraordinary contribution for defence in memory of the upheaval of 1813 betrays a distressing absence of all feeling for social justice. Not only is it to be raised from fortunes as small as 10,000 marks, which bring in perhaps some £20 a year, but the levy—1½ per cent.—is to be the same whether the fortune is 10,000 or 10,000,000 marks or more. By way of tempering this scandalous inequality, it is contrived that those who

declare an income higher than 50,000 marks must at least pay 2 per cent. of that income whatever their fortune may be. On the other hand, landed agricultural property is, for this tax, to be assessed only according to its net revenue, which means that the Agrarians, so much favored already by the fiscal policy of the Empire, will again be excused from paying their due share.

A libel on good and honest finance also is the proposed additional capitation quota to be raised by the States in the shape of taxes on fortunes, incomes, successions, land and house values, business capital, and so on, according to the decision of the States themselves. By this device the collection of the tax will be taken away from the Reichstag, the Imperial Parliament elected on a moderately democratic franchise, and delivered over to the States, some of the largest of which have an undemocratic class franchise. Here, again, a margin is left for favoring the Prussian squirearchy. The redeeming feature and the bait for the poorer States is that the whole amount to be raised in this way is to be calculated at the rate of 1½ marks per head of the population of the Empire, but imposed on the different States in proportion to their wealth. In States where, up to April 1st, 1916, none of the taxes for this purpose have been raised, a tax on increments of fortunes, whether unearned or earned—a fine, as it were, on the accumulation of capital—will be introduced by Imperial decree. The scheme is a bad counterfeit of a true and just progressive tax on fortunes. It includes, however, a small tax on the inheritances of children, and represents, in so far, an attempt to drive in the thin wedge of Imperial death duties on direct descendants.

If here the Empire shifts an imposition on to the States, it takes away from them the income from stamps on limited liability companies, mining societies, and insurances of all sorts, the duty being mostly increased. Another Bill makes over to the States the windfall of intestate inheritances where no husband or wife, parents or grandparents, brothers or sisters, direct descendants, nephews or nieces, or their descendants survive, the Empire getting 25 per cent. of these inheritances. This, too, is a bribe to overcome the opposition of the Conservatives to the idea of a right of inheritance for the community.

Finally, 120 millions of marks in small Imperial paper money are to be issued against the storing up of another 120 millions of marks in gold in the Julius tower at Spandau for war emergencies, and 120 millions of marks (silver coins) are to be stamped over and above the quantity permitted by the present Act to circulate in case of war.

The latter measures correspond with the increased issue of small notes by the Imperial bank in order to raise its gold reserves.

These are the financial measures accompanying the Bill for the increase of the Army. Their effect on the economic life of the nation will undoubtedly be to keep the rate of interest high. They enhance the cost of living and hamper trade. Some trades will, of course, be compensated by orders for the Army, others will suffer all the more. So will municipal administrations. The financial state of most of them is already bad enough. But if the Empire deprives the States of sources of revenue, they, in their turn, will take other sources away from the municipalities, and will refuse grants. There was a time when a serious attempt was made to divide the subjects of taxation systematically among Empire, States, and Municipalities. It was the time of the financial reforms of the late Dr. Miguel. In the course of the last decade all this has been changed. Increasing demands for Army and Navy have led to a state of real anarchy in taxation. Discontent and strife on all sides are the consequence.

But nobody in the ranks of the middle-classes dares touch the root of the evil. They have disarmed before militarism. Some are intoxicated by Jingoism. But the majority have given up every idea of influencing the foreign policy of the Empire. Why this sudden haste to strengthen it financially, and in men and arms, for the emergencies of a possible war? Romanticism alone cannot account for it. Between the lines, if not in the

lines, of the motive, we read the fear of a conflict with Russia and its Slavonic followers. But surely there would be little fear if the foreign policy of the German Empire had not been subject to the interests of dynasties and classes instead of to the true interests of the mass of the nation.

There is a certain symbolic trait in the following coincidence. People name the head of the banking firm of Mendelsohn as the first signatory of the memorial contribution for defence. And nobody did more to help Russia to its legs again, when prostrate in 1905 and 1906, than just this financial house. They condemn whole nations to Penelope's work—these bankers of the great!—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Berlin, March 30th, 1913.

Letters to the Editor.

THE TROUBLE IN BRISTOL UNIVERSITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In what purports to be a reply to my communication of March 15th, Miss Stavely, wisely perhaps, refrains from attempting to combat my argument or to dispute the accuracy of any statement I have made. She contents herself with challenging the accuracy of a statement made by Professor Gerothwohl, and further, with showing that the Council of Bristol University, far from being a lay body, is highly academic in its composition and character.

Dr. Gerothwohl may safely be left to deal with the challenge, but I may observe that even if the facts are as Miss Stavely has stated, I must still repeat that professors at Bristol University do not enjoy security of tenure. To individual professors agreements under seal have been issued, but a professor joining the staff has merely a tenure of two years, at the expiration of which period his appointment lapses. And even if he is reappointed, he has no assurance that by that date the Standing Order of Council, giving security of tenure to the age of sixty-five, may not have been revoked.

As to the composition of the Council, Miss Stavely says that Lord Haldane is a member of Council, and rebukes me for criticising the proceedings of a body of which that distinguished man is a member. Miss Stavely evidently is "ingenuous" enough to believe, or ingenious enough to wish the public to believe, that Lord Haldane of Cloan sits at the meetings of Council, and has a share of responsibility for the proceedings of that body. Lord Haldane has, of course, not attended a single meeting of Council, and is in no wise responsible for its proceedings. The Bishop of Bristol, Miss Stavely tells us, the Bishop of Hereford, and the President of Magdalen, are members of Council. The Bishop of Bristol has publicly stated, in an attempt to defend the Council, that he has attended "sadly few" of its meetings. Will Miss Stavely inform us how many meetings of Council the Bishop of Hereford and the President of Magdalen have attended? Again, Miss Stavely says there are two Privy Councillors and a number of graduates. It is a new doctrine that membership of Privy Council or even a London "B.A." is a high academic distinction, or a guarantee of experience or skill in the government of a University.

No; the actual average meeting of Council is not attended by the array of Cabinet Ministers, Bishops, and other illustrious persons whose names and titles dazzle Miss Stavely. It consists in the main of local professional men, merchants, manufacturers, and some members of the Senate. Of the independence and breadth of view of the Bristol senators the public has some knowledge; and as to the weight carried by any expression of their opinions in Council, I may quote the statement of a senator with a seat on Council (August 3rd, 1912):—

"The Council are absolutely deaf to any expression of corporate academic feeling, and the University will suffer accordingly; but the academic view must prevail in the long run because it is permanent, and the present Council by effluxion of time must give way to others."

Miss Stavely says that the only reference to Bristol in the Report of the Advisory Committee to the Board of Education was "a complimentary one." The "reference" is that the Committee "observed with satisfaction" that "at Bristol a great part of the Endowment had been definitely appropriated to Chairs." The compliment, if any is intended, is due, not to the Council of the University, but to its first Chancellor, Mr. Henry Overton Wills, whose donation to the University carried with it the condition that chairs should be founded, perpetuating his name. Further, though not mentioned by name, Bristol University was undoubtedly one of the institutions in the mind of the Committee when it asserted the right of every professor to a tenure *ad vitam, aut culpam*. This at least is the view of a member of the Bristol Council, who writes (May 14th, 1912):—

"I think myself that the publication of the Report will probably do a great amount of good, though I doubt whether many of our offenders will have the insight to see that it is they who are meant if one reads between the lines. The committee lays great stress on the defections from University principles in certain Institutions, and practically recommends that professorial tenure should be *ad vitam aut culpam*."

It is remarkable that Miss Stavely, a member of the junior staff, whose interests are in no way affected by the conditions of professorial tenure at Bristol, should present herself as the spokesman of the professors, and should so warmly defend, on their behalf, a form of tenure without parallel in any English University.—Yours, &c.,

GRADUATE.

March 29th, 1913.

"WHAT THE GOVERNMENT HAVE TO FACE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Zangwill thinks I repeat a ridiculous suggestion. I will make another suggestion, which no doubt he will think equally ridiculous. I suggest that suffragettes should publicly disavow all militant action, that their leaders should strongly condemn it, expressing regret for all crime that has been committed, and admitting that subsequent to the calling of public attention to their cause, all exasperating tactics have been a mistake. Can any reasonable person doubt that such a policy would do more at the present moment than anything else to secure votes for women? But, as Mr. Zangwill will tell us, it is ridiculous to expect the militants to do this. They are too eager to win the victory in their own way and to be able to proclaim: "It is we who got you the vote, the men could not stand out any longer against our attacks; that is the way to get what you want." Who can doubt that a main obstacle to this extension of the franchise is man's unwillingness to yield to a contemptible form of persecution? And yet, just through the weeks when the cause is trembling in the balance, the one thing needful to remove this obstacle is not done. Assuredly, there is something that the suffragettes love more than they love votes for women.

Mr. Zangwill's historical reminiscences are interesting. I can recollect most of the events to which he refers, and I think he somewhat exaggerates the driving power exerted by violence or the threat of it. But (1), so far as it is true that Liberal policy prevailed in England or Ireland owing to threats of war and acts of crime, this is one of the saddest features in the politics of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Tens of thousands have taken the lesson to heart and have said: "This sort of thing must stop." (2) As warfare, this militancy is beneath contempt. To say all one thinks about it might seem an incitement to darker crime, and so very little has been said; but there is a depth of silent contempt that will injure woman's cause for many long years to come. It is inconceivable that votes for women should be won that way. Its real tendency may be seen in the spirit of hooliganism which it evokes.

I am not asking suffragettes to support the Government. That is a question of Parliamentary tactics. I am asking them to stop dirtying letters and setting fire to buildings. By the way, a servant girl the other day set fire to her master's house because she could not get what she wanted from her mistress. You cannot tell where the example of crime will stop. You may promote a cause by opposing a Government; you will not do it by exasperating a people, including your own friends. If I

understand Mrs. Swanwick's letter, she thinks Mr. Asquith a party to the Speaker's ruling. I do not think anyone setting forth such a view can expect further notice in a public discussion.—Yours, &c.,

H. SHAEN SOLLY.

Alexandra Road, Parkstone, March 31st, 1913.

[We agree that such an interpretation of Mr. Asquith's position under the Speaker's ruling would be absolutely astray. It is notorious that he was completely surprised by it, and his surprise and chagrin were very evident to anyone reading his speech on the subject.—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I see that in this week's NATION Mr. Zangwill renews his demand that "Mr. Asquith must go." Will you allow me, sir, as one of the Liberal rank and file, to say a few words in reply? First, as to his Chartist "precedent." I am a student of history, and I was always under the impression that the "irreconcilable" policy of the Chartists really postponed electoral reform. It will, however, be sufficient to point out to your readers that the result of what Mr. Zangwill calls the Chartists' "not unsound instinct" was that electoral reform was granted—after thirty years. Then we have his truly brilliant comparison of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lowe. Now, Mr. Zangwill wants to drive Mr. Asquith out of the party. That is exactly what happened with Mr. Lowe; he seceded and wrecked the Government. *Absit omen!*

Again, take his Irish "precedent." As an Irishman, I cannot, of course, admit any comparison between the two cases. Ours was a national demand; the other—well, a minority shriek. Again note the result. The Liberals yielded—I do not say they were wrong to yield—but twenty years in the wilderness followed.

Mr. Zangwill cries out, "Away with him!" Does he imagine Mr. Asquith will go alone? Mr. Harcourt, Mr. Hobhouse, Mr. Pease, Mr. McKenna, and Mr. Samuel are all good Radicals and anti-suffragists. Besides this, there are at least seventy Liberal M.P.'s strongly opposed to female suffrage. Mr. Zangwill wants a Government Suffrage Bill. The Government cannot command a Ministerial suffragist majority in the House. No, sir; the only practicable solutions of the question are (1) a Referendum; or (2) a non-Government Suffrage Bill. That is the only way we can keep the party together.

Mr. Zangwill tells us that "the demand (for female suffrage) is simultaneous throughout civilisation." That, of course, is untrue. The people of this country and the women themselves are against the proposal. This fact is admitted by earnest supporters of the proposal like Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (in his "Socialism and Government") and Mr. J. M. Robertson (in his "Meaning of Liberalism"). I need not add the arguments from referenda and petitions. As Mr. Belfort Bax—a strong Socialist—has put it, the gradual extension of the franchise in a descending economic scale has nothing in common with its extension to women, who are denied enfranchisement on the ground of an organic difference of a very deep character.

Mr. Zangwill refers, with apparent pride, to the "industrial evolution" of the female sex. Does he contemplate it with satisfaction? Is the mother in the factory his ideal, not the mother in the home? My own experience on this point may be of interest. I was a suffragist until I read in a book, by Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, an argument for giving women votes so that married women might not be prevented from working in factories. What has Liberalism to gain by giving votes to women? What has Mr. Zangwill or any suffragist leader done for Liberalism in comparison with Mr. Asquith?—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD ABRAHAM.

26, Ashmount Road, London, N.
April 2nd, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Shaen Solly was quite right when he said: "The most offensive feature in the militant campaign has been the persistent attempt to degrade Mr. Asquith." No one can truthfully say that Mr. Asquith did not do all that lay in his power to carry out his promise; he could no more foresee the ruling of the Speaker than he could foresee whether

he would be alive or not at the time the matter was decided. Mr. Bernard Shaw fairly put the blame, if any, on the right shoulders.

Suppose Mr. Asquith's promise had been broken by his death. It would have been just as dishonorable to blame Mr. Asquith for dying as it is to blame him for the Speaker's curious ruling.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. MARRIOTT.

249, Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill.

March 29th, 1913.

"THE EDUCATIONAL LADDER."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is pleasing to see, in your paper of this week, an honest attempt by the writer of "The Causeway and the Ladder," to pull down the latter unworthy simile of the course of educational effort; and one, too, that limits all such effort to a mere economic trick of financially rising above one's companions.

Not the whole of our educational system alone needs overhauling, but, more still, its ideals and aims.

Is it to be still a system by which things will be made easier for any child to escape from what it may some day consider to be bad pay or bad form?

Rather we must still hope that the attempt made will be such that any man or any woman in any occupation will find himself or herself to be the best possible person at that occupation, and that all will be able to recognise that all places of service or work give that sense of beauty and joy which comes of itself when the individual has risen to all his possibilities and can turn them to that use which best befits himself or herself.

Our educationalists at present too often seem to suggest that a bank clerk or a typist must necessarily be a happier and a better person than, let us say, a fisherman or an agricultural laborer, or that a professional man must be a more worthy or dignified person than, let us say, a builder. And just so long as this false estimate of personal values is catered for by our Board of Education, just so long shall we seek in vain for a system of education worthy of the name.

The full value of each person should be the aim of the educationalist; what shall be done with the result should be left to that person.—Yours, &c.,

CATHERINE RYLE.

15, German Place, Brighton.
March 31st, 1913.

THE RURAL HOUSING PROBLEM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—All of us who take any interest in this question will have read a letter from Mr. Herbert Day, in your last issue, with pleasure and interest—pleasure in finding that the Erpingham Rural District Council is doing such excellent work in its own district; interest in the light it throws upon the working of the Housing and Town Planning Act and the future of rural housing in the country.

In the village of Edgefield, we are told, cottages have been erected to let at 2s. 9d. a week, or £7 per annum, free of rates, which rental will entail a burden of £2 per annum upon the rates. The Chairman of this Rural District Council tells us that "some of our keenest business men" are quite willing to pay an additional twopence in the £ rates for good houses. In this I am convinced that they are right, and I have repeatedly urged that this seeming burden upon the rates is as nothing compared to the physical, moral, and ultimately financial, benefits which will undoubtedly accrue from good housing in the villages.

The vital part of this scheme is, however, in the changed attitude of the Local Government Board and its President to such rate-aided schemes. In 1911 an inquiry was held in this village, by an Inspector of the Board, on an application for a loan under the Act, and the Inspector stated that the Board would not sanction any scheme which would entail a burden upon the rates. It was therefore necessary to fix the rent of the cottages too high for them to come within the reach of the purely agricultural laborer. Speaking in the House on the second reading of the Boscawen Housing Bill, on March 15th, 1912, Mr. Burns stated that he was

opposed to the Irish schemes, because "it is unfair to the local taxpayer that he should be taxed for a special section of privileged tenants, whose housing conditions he can never hope to share. It is not fair to the taxpayer, who may be worse off than the privileged tenant, that he should be asked to contribute."

In October, 1912, in the famous "Swaffham" case, the Board stated their recognition of the fact that a small charge on the rates might result in certain housing schemes, but that such a burden "would not preclude them from sanctioning a loan . . . if the circumstances did not admit of a satisfactory self-supporting scheme." In the early months of 1913 the Board approved a scheme at Edgefield which will place, not "a small annual deficiency," but a twopenny rate, upon the parish for the purpose of housing its laborers.

Less than a year's further working has apparently shown Mr. Burns that his Act is useless unless a burden be placed upon the rates, and he now evidently does not think it unfair that this charge should be imposed; for we cannot believe that he would still hold his opinion of March, 1912, and yet allow the Edgefield scheme to go through.

The Boscawen Housing Bill is shortly to be re-introduced, and we shall be curious and expectant as to what attitude the President will adopt; half his opposition to financial assistance has fallen to the ground, mayhap the other half will fall too.

There is, undoubtedly, some difference between a charge on the rates and a grant from the Exchequer; but, if necessity has admitted the former, there is little cogent reason for its denial of the latter remedy. And as Mr. Burns has now apparently agreed that it is not unfair to burden the local taxpayer "for a special section of privileged tenants," so there seems little ground for his retaining the position that State-aid is unfair to the taxpayer "who may be worse off than the privileged tenant." All housing reformers will, I am sure, welcome the re-introduction of the Boscawen Bill if for the one reason alone that it will focus attention upon a matter of urgent public importance.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH ARONSON.

Chipperfield, Herts.
April 1st, 1913.

THE ERL PASSION PLAY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am sorry that a recent article of mine in THE NATION wounded Mr. George Russell's religious susceptibilities. I can only assure him that the Passion Play in question wounded mine. I, personally, have not the honor of belonging to the Jewish race or faith, as you suggest; neither can I claim to be a Christian, save through early association. It is, however, from the Christian standpoint that I deplore the blotting out of the life of the Founder by His death. Surely the most orthodox must feel that this end was only the means towards the redemption of mankind. Mr. Russell refers to the "mental torture" endured by Christ. No mention was made of the mental torture in my article, because it played no part in the Passion Play, save in the one bitter cry of doubt and despair: "My God, my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" The attention of the audience was almost entirely directed to His physical torture. It was this that seemed to me mistaken. For, as regards bodily suffering, thousands of men, sinners as well as saints, have been scourged and crucified down the blood-stained centuries. The suffragette, who is forcibly fed in her lonely prison cell, approaches unflinchingly the agony of death. But One alone has said unto us:—

"Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

This may not be "to Christians the Gospel," but it seems to me the true gospel of Christ. At Erl, this great teaching was obscured by the realistic physical torments. This was why I protested at an un-Christian tendency in this play on Christ.—Yours, &c.,

G. AYRTON ZANGWILL.

East Preston, Sussex, March 30th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mrs. Zangwill's extremely interesting paper on the Erl Passion Play, and above all her concluding para-

graphs, must have furnished many of your readers with matter for reflection this Easter, especially those who are orthodox Christians—medieval Christians if you like—and at the same time, in the wide and true sense, Liberals. Can we believe the Gospel narrative of the Passion and the Resurrection as they stand, without celebrating them by an orgy of Jew-baiting? There has been very little Jew-baiting for centuries now in England; but Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc would no doubt tell us that is because there has been so little popular realisation of Christianity.

The organ particularly associated with the names and views of these gentlemen, the "New Witness," maintains a consistently medieval attitude. The way in which sacred names and terms appear in its pages is delightful to orthodox Christians, accustomed to the usual tone of the secular press. We hear of "Jesus Christ," of "the Mother of God," of "the Incarnation," of "the Resurrection," all spoken of in the most matter-of-fact sort of way. This is very pleasant to Christians who have lived all their lives in the grey, depressing atmosphere of respectable Protestant tradition. "Mrs. Adams said to Mr. Adams that Scripture should not be quoted out of Church." It was recently remarked to myself: "I think Scripture should be kept out of business and out of politics—I don't say there is any harm in a clergyman quoting it in his sermon, or anything like that." A despised minority indeed, ridiculed by novelists and playwrights, interlarded their ordinary talk with spiritual phrases and Scripture texts, but the above dicta represent the main stream of the tradition of British Protestant respectability. In contrast to this, there are two persons for whom the "New Witness" writers constantly profess the most unbounded veneration, and whose praises they loudly proclaim in prose and verse—Our Lord and Our Lady. We read of "the Importunate Runner" staying his pace on Good Friday, the Sacred Heart being the ark of all mankind, the Water from the Side washing the whole world white. In the current number there is a poem on Lady Day, which begins:—

"Our Lady, ours no longer, we have left her and she weeps
For another sorrow added to the burden that she bore,
Another sword to pierce her heart. Oh! Queen of all the world,
We have rent the robe you came in, and broke the crown you wore."

Well, to come to the point, of what nationality were these Two—Our Lord and Our Lady?

One is led to ask this, because every column of the "New Witness" is filled with expressions of loathing and contempt for the people of Our Lady and her Son. They and the whole royal line They sprang from, and Their friends and neighbors in Nazareth, and the Apostles who left all and followed Him, and the palm-waving crowd on Palm Sunday, and the great company of women who bewailed and lamented Him; yes, and the multitude who came together to that sight, who, when they saw the things that were done, smote their breasts and returned—they were all Jews. But the Jews are dragged into the "New Witness," *apropos* of anything, literally by the hair of their heads, and always to be pilloried. The death of Lord Wolseley, for instance, gives occasion to its weekly commentator to remark: "It is notable to recall that though the pages of the commercial development of our Empire bristle with the names of the sons of Judah, we do not find them in those chapters devoted to war. We find no record of Jewish soldiers in the death-roll of our forces during the Mutiny," &c. Well, perhaps not; but we find a good many musicians, for instance, and some poets like Heine, and some most beautiful and attractive personalities like Spinoza. We turn our copy of the "New Witness," and find an appreciation of the late M. Blowitz, of the "Times." He is described as "a stubby, roly-poly, fat, and ridiculous Jew," and it is asserted that he "took the name of an obscure village in Bohemia, in some barn of which he was born." Well, we have heard of other obscure villages, some so obscure and disreputable that it was thought no good thing could come out of them; and we remember verses about "lowly cattle sheds" which it is considered very important that children should learn and sing.

The question I wish to ask is: Are those who have the happiness of possessing the medieval faith bound to express it in these childish and violent medieval ways? Is Anti-Semitism a part of Christianity? St. Paul, at any

rate, was a Christian, and yet I seem to remember a certain wistful tenderness in the way in which he speaks of those "of whom, according to the flesh, Christ came."—Yours, &c.,

R. L. GALE.

Gedney Vicarage, Holbeach.
March 28th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—After reading Mrs. Zangwill's interesting account of the Passion Play at Erl, it may be of further interest to your readers to know that the conception of Judas as a comic character is not peculiar to the Bavarians. In the little village of Vallebona in Liguria, the Great Tragedy had until the present decade been acted for centuries at intervals of nine years. In this play, the comic element was always introduced in the person of Judas. Possibly the explanation of the curious interpretation of this tragic character is that it symbolises an apprehension that any attempt to isolate evil from humanity results in the grotesque. The simple peasant has a very shrewd and real understanding that "in tragic life, God wot, no villain need be," and in representing Judas as a buffoon, he is, in reality, mocking in himself the attitude which can endow a human being with attributes wholly evil.

The interpretation is, as Mrs. Zangwill says, a kindly one.—Yours, &c.,

EILEEN DE B. DALY.

Bordighera, Italy.
March 29th, 1913.

PEACEMAKERS, NOT PACIFISTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Why do they who are now endeavoring to make international arbitration common and easy give themselves the nasty name of Pacifists? It sounds like a nickname, intended to excite derision. The fine natural modesty of Norman Angell, and the circumstance that he seems to think as freely in French as in English, may help to explain his patient acceptance of it; but as a friend of every such movement and an admirer of the man himself, I beg to protest against it, and to name him in better English a pioneer peacemaker, a designation more praiseworthy than any title.

If I supposed my objection to be individual, I would not mention it; but many others object to the new and needless words, pacifists, pacifism. The title of one of this year's books was expressly altered to avoid the risk of association with the "Pacifists."

The use of these nasty new words is open to more than verbal objection. They imply a grave fundamental fallacy, which is hindering the acceptance of the truth in Norman Angell's teaching. That fallacy is that the substance of his argument, that war is unprofitable, is new, whereas, in fact, it is at least as old as Confucius (500 B.C.), and only the form of the demonstration is a novelty. This should rather enhance than diminish the value of his work, and make men more and not less ready to accept it. In moral philosophy there is no room for new discoveries, but only for better grasp of old principles, and better practice.

The Chinese have the word "peace-speakers," which is accurate as well as modest, for men cannot make peace. They can speak for it, but only the higher powers, Confucius named Heaven, can ensure it. The good old word "Peacemakers" does not deny this, and its associations seem to make it the best. I appeal to the "Pacifists" to resume the older and the better name of Peacemakers.—Yours &c.,

DAVID ALEC WILSON.

1, Broomfield Road, Ayr.

THE EYES OF BIRDS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the interesting paper on "Firstlings" in your issue dated March 22nd, it is implied that a bird only sees with one eye at a time. My study of natural history is not very extensive, and I have not previously come across this

fact. I should therefore be interested if you would kindly refer me to the authority for it.—Yours, &c.,

GERALD BULL.

27, Stockfield Road, Streatham, S.W.
April 2nd, 1913.

[The writer of the article says:—What I meant was that the same object can only be presented to one eye of the bird at the same time. The bird apprehends on both sides of its head, but can concentrate its attention only through one eye at a time. So it puts its head on one side to look at anything closely.]

"THE PIOUS MURDERER."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Why add, as your correspondent, Mr. Duncan, does, to the "burden and the mystery" of an awful psychological problem the still heavier weight of an unproved theory of so dark and monstrous a character the very statement of which should suffice to show it incredible? One dare not put into words the view of the Creator and Father of mankind which such a theory implies; nor would it be easy to describe the gloom which it would throw over all human life.

As a minor point, how does your correspondent reach the conclusion that those unhappy criminals had received in childhood a careful moral and religious training, producing a strong bias towards goodness? The very opposite seems quite as likely. And how can anyone know by what steps they reached the appalling moral state in which human justice found them? Certainly, these questions suggest problems which, with our present knowledge, we are hopeless of solving. Yet, where there is no complete solution, there may be light; and why not look away from tormenting theories, theological or philosophical, and turn for hope to the unfailing and victorious love of God, as we see it in Jesus Christ; trusting that love to deal with the most terrible and the most baffling problems of human personality?

These are not all presented by the conduct of individuals; our social relations afford but too many of them. In both cases, there may be long waiting before a happy result is reached; but, in the meantime, there is practical demonstration to be had of the victorious power of a true Christ-like self-sacrificing love, shown by men and women who, under whatever name, are striving to uplift their fellow-creatures. Their human limitations must be reckoned with, and success may be slowly won; but is not the Divine victory sure?—Yours, &c.,

A READER FROM THE FIRST.

March 31st, 1913.

ANGLICANISM AND THE ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Apropos of the letter on "The Church Militant: New Style," which appeared in a recent issue over the signature "A Liberal Churchman," some sentences in a letter I have just received from Dr. C. Ray-Palmer, of New Haven, Conn., U.S.A., are so much in point that I send them in the hope that you may insert them in an early issue of your valuable paper. The letter was occasioned by an article from my pen, which has appeared in the last number of the "Transactions of the Congregational Historical Society." Welcoming the prominence therein given to the Congregationalists who suffered in the Great Ejectment, Dr. Palmer goes on to say:—

"I sometimes think it has not enough been emphasised that the exclusive claims of the Anglican Church, historically, begin with the Ejectment. Up to that date it was on terms with Continental Protestant Churches—did not find fault with their orders, communed with them, recognised them as allies, or sister-churches. But by the Act of Uniformity the Anglican Church separated itself from the rest of Christendom, and went into absolute isolation. And by what power was that Act passed? By a Parliament made up largely of country esquires and young men animated largely by spite, more royalist than the King, more prelatical than many prelates, determined, first of all, on an ejectment. ('We'll make them knaves if they conform.') And now they ask us to join them in their isolation for the sake of union!!! The proposition is preposterous. Their exclusive pretensions to be the only, and

original true Church—absolute humbug! ('It's a mad world, my masters!') A distinguished American Episcopalian, distinguished in every walk of life—now long deceased—once said, 'If we are a sect, we are the meanest sect of all'; to which sentiment I always feel like responding 'Amen' with Wesleyan fervor! Yet I never was willing to unchurch Episcopals, or any other body of Christians, not even Roman Catholics. If they unchurch me—that is their affair."

My only hesitation in making this request is that the words were penned by Dr. Ray-Palmer in the freedom of a purely personal correspondence, without any thought of publication.—Yours, &c.,

G. LYON TURNER.

Wheattham Hill, Hawkey, E. Liss, Hants.

GORDON'S LEAP.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the review of Adam Lindsay Gordon's Life, your reviewer makes the amazing statement that "Lindsay Gordon watched some members of his party jumping their horses over cattle." That cattle, and especially Australian cattle, should be so trained as to make it possible for horses to jump over them is indeed a miracle. I have seen many feats of Australian horsemanship, but am convinced that in this matter your reviewer has made some curious error. Possibly he meant cattle yards or cattle fences.—Yours, &c.

E. G. SEYMOUR FORT.

The Bath Club, 34, Dover Street, W.

March 25th, 1913.

[The statement is made on p. 38, a quotation by Mr. Douglas Sladen, in his summary of the "Life of Lindsay Gordon." Mr. Sladen, in this rare instance, does not, I think, furnish his readers with the authority, but will doubtless oblige your correspondent by doing so. The paragraph, under the sub-heading, "About Gordon's Leap," opens thus: "Gordon and a number of other men were out kangaroo hunting near Mount Gambier, and on the way back some of the hunters from the Hamilton District of Victoria, having trained their horses to it, jumped over cattle. Gordon's horse would not, and to show what he and his horse could do," &c. Then comes the story of his famous leap.—THE REVIEWER.]

"THE CHURCH MILITANT—NEW STYLE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your scathing indictment of the Church of England in your issue of March 15th is, I am ashamed to say, not one whit too severe, nor is it inapplicable in other connections besides that of war. I beg you and your readers to believe, however, that a very large section of the clergy feel this acutely, but, I believe, owing to mistaken loyalty, will not speak, or only feebly. Nothing is more transparent than the fact that, whatever we may say, or sing, we are divided—"toto celo." We are divided in faith, in practice; divided, and often irreconcilably, on matters of the highest moment—matters on which, according to Christ, there is no room for two opinions—as in this question of war. Is it against such a church that the gates of hell shall not prevail, or, rather, is there not unmistakable evidence that they shall? The Church has a *vox celestis* for the pulpit, and a far more powerful *vox humana* for every-day life, and with these uncertain sounds in their ears, how shall men prepare themselves for spiritual and moral warfare? I may be thought very disloyal; but, to my mind, Truth is the only real loyalty.—Yours &c.,

THEODORE F. BULL.

Curate of St. Luke's, Portsea.

111, St. Andrew's Road, Southsea.

April 3rd, 1913.

THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE BILL AND DISINTERESTED MANAGEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I hazard a shrewd guess at the real position in which the licensed trade stands to disinterested management? They are in this dilemma: on the one hand, they wish to get as much compensation as possible out of the Disinterested Management Companies which they see are

bound to be formed if the option finds a place in the Act; on the other hand, they dread D.M. more than any other reform. They recognise that if they compel the D.M. Companies to pay compensation, this will materially weaken the plea of hardship to dispossessed license holders. The trade, therefore, seems to be split into two camps. Neither likes D.M. One party does not discourage it, because they wish to squeeze out of it all the compensation possible; the other party fears that this very compensation will give D.M. a great stimulus.

On the whole, would it not be better for the trade to drop the proposal that the D.M. Companies should pay compensation?—Yours, &c.,

TEMPERANCE.

Glasgow.

THE BURBAGE MEMORIAL FUND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At a time when the historic playhouse in Drury Lane is drawing the public to see one of the most distinguished of modern Hamlets, it is, perhaps, not inappropriate to remind ourselves of James Burbage, the builder of the first theatre in England, and of his son Richard, the original impersonator of that character. London has never publicly acknowledged the almost incalculable services rendered by those two men to the English drama, but a modest scheme is now on foot to erect a memorial to them in St. Leonard's Church, Shoreditch, where they are buried, close to the scene of their early triumphs. Nearly one half of the necessary sum has already been subscribed, amongst those contributing being The Archbishop of Canterbury, The Bishop of London, The Bishop of Birmingham, The Bishop of Southwark, Lady Strachey, The Rt. Hon. John Burns, Sir William Lancaster, Sir George Alexander, Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Dr. A. W. Ward, Prof. Feuillerat, Prof. Bradley, Prof. Hales, Prof. J. Gollancz, Mr. Robert Mond, Miss A. E. F. Horniman, Mr. F. R. Benson, Mr. Martin Harvey, Mr. J. H. Leigh, Mr. William Poel, The Clothworkers' Company, The Society of West-End Theatre Managers, The Playgoers' Club, The Wild Street School Girls, &c., &c.

May we, in a corner of your valuable paper, make an appeal for the remainder of the sum (about £100) to a wider but I trust not less interested public? All donations should be sent to Lady Gomme, 20, Marlborough Place, St. John's Wood, N.W.

On behalf of the Burbage Memorial Committee.—Yours, &c.,

STEWART D. HEADLAM, Chairman.

ALLAN GOMME, Hon. Sec.

41, Upper Gloucester Place, N.W.

April 1st, 1913.

Poetry.

IN HOSPITAL.

WOULD I might lie like this—without the pain—
For seven years—as one with snowy hair,
Who in the high tower dreams his dying reign—
Lie here and watch the walls—how grey and bare,
The metal bed-post, the uncolored screen,
The mat, the jug, the cupboard, and the chair;
And, served by an old woman, calm and clean,
Her misted face familiar, yet unknown,
Who comes in silence, and departs unseen;
And with no other visit, lie alone,
Nor stir, except I had my food to find
In that dull bowl Diogenes might own.
And down my window I would draw the blind,
And never look without, but, waiting, hear
A noise of rain, a whistling of the wind,
And only know that flame-foot Spring is near
By trilling birds, or by the patch of sun
Crouching behind my curtain; and in fear,
Noon-dreams would enter, softly, one by one,
And throng about the floor, and float and play
And flicker on the screen, while minutes run—
The last majestic minutes of the day—
And with the mystic shadows, shadow grows.
Then a grey square of wall shall fade away,
And glow again, and open, and disclose
The shimmering lake in which the worlds do swim,
And all that lake a dewdrop on a rose.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Muse in Exile." By William Watson. (Jenkins. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "Sermon Notes of John Henry, Cardinal Newman." Edited by the Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory. (Longmans. 5s. net.)
 "A Small Boy and Others." By Henry James. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)
 "Personality." By F. B. Jevons. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "The Married Life of Queen Victoria." By Clare Jerrold. (Nash. 15s. net.)
 "A British Borderland: Service and Sport in Equatoria." By H. A. Wilson. (Murray. 12s. net.)
 "Dream Cities: Notes of an Autumn Tour in Italy and Dalmatia." By Douglas Goldring. (Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)
 "Marken and Its People." By G. W. Edwards. (Laurie. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Great Adventure." By Arnold Bennett. (Methuen. 2s. net.)
 "St. Paul and Justification." By F. B. Westcott. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)
 "The Faith of All Sensible People." By D. A. Wilson. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "I'd Venture All for Thee." By J. S. Fletcher. (Nash. 6s.)
 "La Science et la Religion." Par Ferdinand Brunetiere. (Paris: Perrin. 3 fr. 50.)
 "Montesquieu." Par J. Dedieu. (Paris: Alcan. 7 fr. 50.)
 "Mémoires." Par Théodore de Lameth. Publiés avec Introduction par E. Welvert. (Paris: Fontemoing. 7 fr. 50.)
 "La Nationalité Française: Sa Formation." Par J. d'Auriac. (Paris: Flammarion. 3 fr. 50.)
 "Le Prix du Sang." Nouvelles. Par Francis de Miomandre. (Paris: Payot. 3 fr. 50.)
 "Aus der serbischen Front." Von A. Fischer. (Basel: Spittler. M. 3.)

In addition to Mr. Henry James's "A Small Boy and Others," which Messrs. Macmillan have published this week, there is to be a much fuller memoir of the late Professor William James. It will contain the reminiscences of several friends and a collection of James's letters.

MR. C. H. HUGHES's "Mrs. Piozzi's 'Thraliana,'" announced by Messrs. Longmans, is a book that is certain to be welcomed by all Johnsonians. It will contain a large number of hitherto unpublished extracts from the diary which Mrs. Thrale kept from 1776 until the death of her second husband. Johnson took an interest in this diary, and gave Mrs. Thrale advice about the matters that it ought to contain. Abraham Hayward made some use of it in the "Letters and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale)" which he published in 1861, but he was not allowed to print the bulk of the journal on the ground that it was of "too private and delicate a nature to be submitted to strangers." This objection no longer holds, and Mr. Hughes's book will give us much fresh matter about Johnson and his circle.

APPARENTLY M. Poincaré has no intention of allowing his duties as President of the French Republic to put an end to his literary activities. A biography from his pen of one of his predecessors, M. Thiers, is announced in Messrs. Hachette's new series, "Figures du Passé." Other volumes to appear in the series are "Louis Philippe" by M. Denys Cochin, "Monsieur Dupanloup" by M. Emile Faguet, "Metternich" by M. H. Welschinger, and "Madame de Pompadour" by M. Pierre de Nolhac.

MESSRS. SIDGWICK & JACKSON were one of the first British firms of publishers to believe that there was a public who wished to read plays by contemporary dramatists. This belief has been fully justified, and the plays which they have issued by Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Masefield, Mr. Laurence Housman, Mr. Stanley Houghton, and others who stand for "the drama of ideas," have met with a decided success. The same publishers have now in the press Mr. William Poel's "Shakespeare in the Theatre," parts of which will be familiar to readers of THE NATION. It treats of the text of Shakespeare's plays, of the stage as it existed in his day, and of the way in which traditional stage "business" has greatly modified the critical view of the characters.

ANOTHER volume dealing with the stage is Mr. Jerome Hart's "Sardou and the Sardou Plays," announced by Messrs. Lippincott. This is the first biography of Sardou in either English or French, and though Sardou was far from being a great dramatist, he was undoubtedly a brilliant

dramatic craftsman. His biography offers the interest of a persistent and ultimately successful struggle for recognition against obstacles of all sorts, and in the face of the bitterest experiences. It is not generally known that, although Sardou published nothing on the subject, he was one of the leading authorities on the history and topography of Paris at the time of the Revolution.

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT's "The Lord of Proserpine," to be issued early in May by Messrs. Macmillan, is, we are told, largely of an autobiographical character, and it is hinted that the book will contain some experiences that approach the supernatural, or that, at any rate, it is difficult to explain without a belief in non-human agencies.

AMONG the biographies held over from last year is Mr. W. J. Roberts's "The Life and Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford." The book is now ready, and will be published shortly by Mr. Melrose. It will deal with Mrs. Browning, Macready, Kemble, Hengist Horne, Talfourd, and other friends of the author of "Our Village." Mr. Roberts believes that his book throws new light upon phases of Miss Mitford's life that have hitherto puzzled her admirers.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE's announcements in critical literature include Professor Felix Schelling's study of "The English Lyric" in the series of "Types of English Literature," as well as Dr. Stopford Brooke's "Ten More Plays of Shakespeare." The latter volume is a sequel to the same author's "On Ten Plays of Shakespeare," and contains discussions of "Hamlet," "Julius Caesar," "King Lear," and "Othello."

Two new volumes are shortly to be added to the series of "Dictionaries of Famous Authors," published by Messrs. Routledge and Kegan Paul. One is "A Dictionary of Romance and the Romantic Writers," by Mr. Lewis Spence, and the other "A Dictionary of the Works of Oscar Wilde," by Mr. Stuart Mason, who has already compiled a bibliography of Wilde's writings.

A BIOGRAPHY of Robert Fulton, the famous engineer who made steam navigation possible on a commercial scale, has been written by Mr. H. W. Dickinson, and will be published by Mr. John Lane. The book treats of Fulton's experiments with the submarine and the steamboat at the time of the Directory and the Empire, his engagement by the British Cabinet to destroy Napoleon's Boulogne flotilla, and his subsequent life in the United States, where he built the first warship propelled by steam. Mr. Dickinson has been able to secure much fresh material about Fulton, including several valuable documents preserved among the French National Archives.

NEXT week the Manchester University Press will publish an historical monograph by Professor Powicke on "The Loss of Normandy (1189-1204)." It will contain the first detailed examination of the loss of Normandy by this country under King John, and of the subsequent effects of the separation.

AMONG the historical volumes to come from the Oxford Press are "The Genesis of Lancaster" by Sir J. H. Ramsay, "The King's Council in the Middle Ages" by Mr. J. F. Baldwin, "The Rise and Fall of the High Commission" by Mr. R. G. Usher, "The Economic Utilisation of History" by Mr. H. W. Farman, and a study of "English Historical Literature in the Fifteenth Century" by Mr. C. L. Kingsford.

MR. ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKETT's biography of William Morris, which Mr. Herbert Jenkins has now in the press, will contain an introduction on Morris's work and influence by Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham. Mr. Compton-Rickett has had access to a number of unpublished letters, and he also makes considerable use of the recollections of Morris's friends.

WE regret that Mr. Archibald T. Strong's collection of literary essays, "Peradventure," was, by a slip, attributed to Mr. Archibald T. Henderson in the review which we published on March 22nd last.

Reviews.

THE STORY OF REFORM.

"The Genesis of Parliamentary Reform." By GEORGE STEAD VEITCH, Assistant Lecturer in History in the University of Liverpool. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. VEITCH gives in this book an admirable description, based largely on researches among Home Office papers, of the movement or movements for Parliamentary reform during the second half of the eighteenth century. His book is the most thorough piece of work that has yet appeared on the subject, and it will be welcomed both by students and by the general reader as a clear and scholarly account of a very important and interesting period. It ought to be read side by side with Dr. Holland Rose's "Life of Pitt," for it enters very fully into the temper and designs of the Revolutionary societies which Pitt suppressed by his drastic methods of coercion. The general conclusion at which Mr. Veitch arrives is that there was no case for the Treason and Sedition Bills, and for the rest of the violent attacks of Pitt and Dundas upon the Reformers, and that neither the intentions nor the popularity of the Reformers was ever such as to make them in any sense a public danger.

The Reform movement may be traced along two quite separate and distinct lines. The Revolution of 1688 had made Parliament supreme. If that Revolution had been followed and completed by Parliamentary reform, England would have had a representative government in the eighteenth century. But, of course, it was not followed by Parliamentary reform, and the government of England was concentrated in the hands of a few families. The electoral representation was so arranged as to make the master of Parliament the master of most of the constituencies. Down to the reign of George the Third the Whig families exercised and enjoyed this supremacy. Then a new power appeared on the scene. The young King set himself to recover the old authority of the House, not by an attack on Parliament on the Stuart lines, but by appropriating the arts and the machinery of Walpole. He did not dispute the supremacy of Parliament, but he determined that this supreme Parliament should be managed, not by a Newcastle or a Grenville, but by the King. One cause and another helping him, he achieved a rapid success, secured a House of Commons that suited him, encouraged it to defy outside criticism, and made it for several years the instrument of his own policy and ideas, however unpopular that policy and ideas had become. As his own policy and ideas were crude and ignorant, it followed that the affairs of the country, both abroad and at home, were soon involved in confusion and disaster.

From this state of things there arose a demand for reform within the Parliamentary circle. The motive behind this demand was not a sense that the nation was unrepresented, but a sense that the control of government had got into wrong hands. A Parliament elected by a great number of rotten boroughs and a smaller number of county constituencies was still a satisfactory Legislature, but that Parliament had to be released from a system which enabled the Crown to practise intimidation and bribery. Hence the Parliamentary Reformers within the charmed circle were men who, finding that the House of Commons was no longer a machine with which they could work efficiently, desired to make such changes in it as would enable them to control and direct it. This was the object of Chatham, of the Rockinghams, and of the younger Pitt. Chatham found that the Parliamentary régime, in its existing form, might be made to serve either the interests of the Crown or the interests of the Whig families. He was not attached to either of these interests, and his failure in politics was due to his inability either to manipulate the machine or to reform it. His own ideas, as Mr. Veitch shows, were very far from revolutionary. "People, however, are apt to mistake the nature of representation which is not of persons but of property; and in this light there is scarcely a blade of grass which is not represented." He proposed to increase the county representation by a third. Chatham was not a violent reformer, but he went a good deal further than the Rockinghams. One of the most interesting things in Mr. Veitch's book is the chapter in which he discusses the

importance and bearing of the great economical reform campaign which ended in Burke's famous measure of 1782. The great Yorkshire agitation which was first, we think, described by Mr. Jephson in his "History of the Platform," is reviewed and examined in these pages, and Mr. Veitch shows that there was a conflict between the two ideas, the reform of Parliament in order to make it representative, and the reform of Parliament in order to make it an honest and uncorrupted Legislature. The reforms that are associated with Burke were, of course, of great importance and value, and the country derived benefit from them; but their effect was to strengthen the Rockinghams against the Crown by striking off a number of sinecures and regulating the pension list, and so reducing the resources of the Crown for bribery and influence. The Rockinghams, it is true, contained some Parliamentary Reformers, such as Fox, but Parliamentary reform was no part of their programme, and the man who gave them their title and the man who had given them their ideas were alike hostile.

In a sense, however, the most complete illustration of the temper of Parliamentary Reformers within the governing circle is provided by the younger Pitt. The story of his association with reform is familiar. All the friends of Parliamentary reform looked upon him as their leader in 1782, and when he became Prime Minister, at the close of the following year, and his accession was ratified by a great victory at the polls in the spring of 1784, hopes were high indeed. He brought in one very disappointing Bill in 1785, and when next reform was proposed, and for the rest of his lifetime, he was its enemy. Two explanations have been given. One that of the envenomed Whigs, that he was a traitor who used the cause when it suited him, and then dropped it; the other that of enthusiastic admirers who thought that the French Revolution robbed him of the glory that waited for Grey. Unfortunately for the second theory, it is pretty clear from the "Wyvill Papers," and from Pitt's own conduct in Parliament, that he had lost all interest in Parliamentary reform two years before the French Revolution broke out. Are we then driven to the other explanation? We think not. Surely the truth is that Pitt, to whom Parliament seemed full of abuses in 1782, had no fault to find with the House of Commons when he led it. He had made for himself a remarkable position by his courage and his powers, and the need for reform seemed to have disappeared. A reformed Parliament could not be a better instrument in his hands; it might easily be a worse. Scarcely any man who finds he can use power can resist the belief that he is indispensable. It is a disinterested conviction that grows on a politician. Pitt was not consciously false to his past. He saw things in a different perspective. A House of Commons which had seemed like Bedlam when North was debauching it, seemed a very proper, orderly, and efficient institution when taking its orders from Pitt.

Meanwhile the idea that Parliament needed to be reformed because the people of England needed reasonable representation was alive outside the ruling circle. It found early expression in Wilkes, and the first Reform Society, the Society of the Supporters of the Bill of Rights, was founded to pay his debts. "It seems reasonable to us that the man who suffers for the public good should be supported by the public." This noble sentiment cost the Society something between seven and eight thousand pounds, and Wilkes would have been a luxury on these terms to the richest party. The first hero of the movement was Major Cartwright, who was more enlightened in 1776 than many Liberals in 1913, and included women in his enfranchisement scheme. Cartwright devoted his life to reform, and he lived almost long enough to see the first Reform Act. His statue gave its name to Cartwright Gardens near the Euston Road. But it was at the time of the French Revolution that the Reform movement began its adventures and displayed its heroisms, and Mr. Veitch has a vivid story to tell in the history of the Corresponding Society, and of the fine and intrepid leaders who braved Pitt and Dundas and the judges and magistrates. For the most part the Government had it all their own way. They could repeal the Habeas Corpus, pass the Treason and Sedition Bills, and, in time, silence the democratic societies. But they suffered one dramatic defeat at the hands of a London jury, whose names are the brightest decoration of the walls of the National Liberal Club. In

the autumn of 1794 they arrested the Secretaries of the Corresponding Society, and the Society for Constitutional Reformation, captured their papers, and then seized a number of their leaders. Happily, the first three to be tried were all acquitted in the three famous trials of the autumn of 1794. "If one conviction had been obtained," says Mr. Veitch, "it would have been the signal for proscription." That it was not obtained was not to be attributed to any scruples on the part of the Government, who resorted to every species of trickery from the moment when Pitt and Dundas and their friends bullied the prisoners before the Privy Council to the final attempt to tamper with the jury and to pass off the evidence manufactured by their spies. Hardy's trial came first, and lasted nine days. Erskine defended him, as he defended the others, and Sheridan gave evidence for him. Horne Tooke was tried next, and Thelwell last. These three acquittals so disheartened the Government that the other members of the Corresponding Society, who had been arrested at the same time, were not put on their trial. The Government had counted on convictions, and the Law Officers are said to have had eight hundred warrants made out in that expectation. The ruin of Hardy's business was hardly a sufficient compensation for their disappointment.

The worst infamies were perpetrated in Scotland, and a distinguished leader of the Opposition has been known to attribute Scotland's Liberalism to the tradition of the trials of Muir and Palmer. Muir was a young advocate of Edinburgh and an elder of the Kirk, who had made speeches in support of Parliamentary reform, and Palmer was a Unitarian minister at Dundee. Muir was tried for his speeches, and Palmer for helping to revise (and to soften) a pamphlet in which it was maintained that the nation would be ruined if the House of Commons were not reformed "on the eternal basis of justice." Braxfield, Stevenson's Weir of Hermiston, explained at Muir's trial that the promotion of Parliamentary reform was in the circumstances itself sedition, and Lord Abercromby said much the same at Palmer's trial. Muir and Palmer both were sentenced to transportation, Muir for fourteen and Palmer for seven years. Fox and Sheridan protested against these iniquities in the House of Commons, Fox declaring justly that there was "not a pretence left for calling Scotland a free country, and a very thin one for calling England so"; but they made no impression at all upon Pitt. Thirty-five years later one of the jurymen declared, "We were all mad." These trials were followed the next year by those of the leaders of the British Convention, which met at Edinburgh to discuss Parliamentary reform, in imitation of the conventions that had been held thirteen years earlier under the most respectable auspices to discuss economical reform. The three chief victims of that trial (except Watt, a Government spy, who was hung by way of making an impression) were Gerrold, Margarot, and Skirving. Gerrold had been a pupil of Dr. Parr's, had practised as a barrister in America, and had returned to England a rich man. He represented both the London Societies at the Convention, and was greatly admired as a scholar and an orator. Margarot's personal history is rather obscure, but he was an able speaker and writer. Skirving was a Scottish farmer. All three were sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. Braxfield said of Gerrold that he was a very dangerous member of society, "with eloquence enough to persuade the people to rise in arms." Campbell, the poet, who heard his defence, turning to a stranger exclaimed, "By heaven, sir, that is a great man." "Yes, sir," the stranger replied, "he is not only a great man, but he makes every other man feel great who listens to him." Only one of the convicts returned to England. Gerrold died as soon as he arrived in Australia; Skirving very soon afterwards. Muir escaped in 1796, but suffered great privations, and died in France two years later. Palmer was captured on his way back, when his time was up, on his way home, and died a prisoner of war on the Spanish island of Guam. Margarot survived, and returned to Scotland to find his judges dead, and all the jurors except one. He gave the surviving jurymen a dinner. "By this time," says Cockburn, "the jurymen had become a Whig and the convict a Tory." To-day a plain obelisk on Calton Hill in Edinburgh records the gratitude of the Reformers of 1844 to the five victims. Macaulay was anxious to avoid being present at the laying of the foundation stone, but the

subscribers included such respectable Whigs as Brougham and Holland, by the side of Grote, O'Connell, and Place. Cockburn justly remarked that the judges' names ought to have been inserted.

AN AGED HERESY.

"The Baconian Heresy: A Confutation." By J. M. ROBERTSON, M.P. (Jenkins. 21s. net.)

THIS is a book to be regarded with admiration and gratitude, not untinged with regret. Its 600 closely-printed pages show to great advantage Mr. Robertson's learning, his "happy and right copious industry," and his immovable sanity of judgment. It is a searching exposure of "the Baconian heresy," and as such deserves our warmest welcome. Yet it is impossible not to deplore that such a service to common-sense should ever have been necessary, and that such a mind as Mr. Robertson's should have had to apply itself to a task so laborious, so arid, and so fruitless of positive result. Certainly, the thing was worth doing; but what a pity that the occasion should ever have arisen!

Our instinctive optimism is fain to hold to the theory that nothing is without its uses, that there are compensations even in calamity, and so forth, and so on. But in view of the Baconian heresy—a flattering term to apply to it—all these commonplaces break down. It has brought nothing to the world but sheer loss of time, waste of labor, darkening of council. It has been a disaster in which there lurked no compensation. Some errors lead us onward towards the truth; from some misfortunes we can garner wisdom for the future. But here is no truth to be learnt, no wisdom to be acquired. We do not come out of the argument more certain that Shakspeare was Shakspeare, for there never was a particle of rational doubt in the matter. We have gained no larger knowledge, no deeper insight than we had before. Mr. Robertson's demolition of the high-piled fabric of error does not clear the way for any new construction. It simply leaves the ground cumbered with heaps of wholly unpicturesque ruins, from which the antiquaries of the future can learn nothing save the heights and the depths of human fallibility and gullibility. And the worst of it is that this architectural metaphor really misrepresents the case. It is easy to batter down an ill-founded, ill-built wall, but extremely difficult to pulverise a will-o-the-wisp. That is what Mr. Robertson has heroically set forth to do. So far as success was possible, he has succeeded; but it is only too certain that the marsh-fire will flicker forth again, to lure idle and credulous minds into bottomless sloughs of unreason. Mr. Robertson himself cherishes no hope of disillusioning the hardened Baconians; but "it may be possible," he says, "to prevent the recruiting of the army of the deluded by minds yet capable of rational enlightenment." That has been his object, and it is perhaps not too sanguine to trust that he may at any rate check the spread of the frenzy.

It is true that one very trite moral may be gathered from the tragic-comic episode: a mouse of wisdom emergent from a mountain of folly. The whole trouble has arisen, as Mr. Robertson does not fail to point out, from the wild exaggerations of Shakspeare-worship. All sorts of marvellous powers and capacities were attributed to Shakspeare, until it came to be felt that there was a glaring discrepancy between "the Stratford actor" and this "myriad-minded" man. Unfortunately, instead of seeking the solution in a saner criticism, a number of semi-literate quidnuncs, on both sides of the Atlantic, preferred to leap from the marvellous to the miraculous, and to merge their improbable Shakspeare in an impossible Bacon. The theory, once propounded, appealed strongly to the romantic, mystery-mongering instinct. The plain and abundant external evidence as to the authorship of the plays was eagerly sophisticated away; pseudo-scholarship set itself to pile up internal evidences from insignificant or imaginary coincidences of phrase; and misguided industry, in some cases eked out with charlatanism, found cipher-keys to the Folio and other documents, which unlocked all sorts of "scandal about Queen Elizabeth," and showed that Bacon wrote not only Shakspeare, but most of the literature of his age. Mr. Robertson, perhaps unfortunately, declines to

deal with the cypher-mania. Donnelly, indeed, can deceive no sane human being, and his alleged cipher is as unamenable as a nightmare to rational criticism. But Mr. Stone Booth's discovery of all sorts of "acrostic signatures" of Bacon in the Folio is a quite different matter. Mr. Booth is an honest enthusiast, whose patient ingenuity produces really curious results. It would have been quite worth Mr. Robertson's while to make clear the fallacy underlying them.

It was Mark Twain's "anti-Stratfordian" pronouncement that stimulated Mr. Robertson to undertake this task. No doubt it was desirable, and only too easy, to show that Mark had given no real study to the subject; but it is rather hard to believe that "Is Shakespeare Dead?" has had the influence Mr. Robertson attributes to it. I yield to no one in admiration for the genius to which we owe "Huckleberry Finn"; but it is surely patent to everyone that, with the possible exception of his work on Joan of Arc, all Mark's attempts to deal with the past were vitiated by his absolute lack of the historic sense. An easy transition leads from Mark Twain to Lord Campbell, and Mr. Robertson disposes conclusively of the cornerstone of the whole Baconian theory—the notion that the writer of the plays was deeply versed in legal technicalities. By dint of page after page of quotations, which show not only the width of his reading but the admirable organisation of his mind, he proves that legal allusions and phraseology are an all-pervading trick of Elizabethan literature, much less common in Shakspeare than in several of his contemporaries, none of whom has been suspected of having been Lord Chancellor, or even an attorney's clerk. The same method is applied with equal cogency to the "Argument from Classical Scholarship." Mr. Robertson proves that there is absolutely nothing in Shakspeare inconsistent with Ben Jonson's statement that he had "small Latin and less Greek." He is especially happy in showing that the numerous words which Shakspeare is supposed to have used in such senses as to indicate a minute familiarity with their original Latin values, were, almost without exception, used in exactly the same senses by his predecessors and contemporaries. There remains, as he says, only

"a forlorn handful of apparent neologisms, all trivial—'confix,' 'congreering,' 'ex-sufflicate,' 'reverb,' 'insisture,' any or all of which may be traced to-morrow by some more vigilant and more industrious reader. To impute scholarship on that basis is beyond the courage of even the Baconian."

The alleged coincidences of phrase between Shakspeare and Bacon fare equally ill. They are reduced to one, or at most two, cases which seem to indicate that Bacon may have seen or read a play or two of Shakspeare's; and it needed no verbal resemblances to render that probable enough.

The least convincing chapter in the book is that which compares Shakspeare's prose with Bacon's. The heaven-wide difference between the two is manifest; but then there ought to be, and must be, a heaven-wide difference between dramatic and philosophical or discursive writing. I think too—though this does not affect the argument—that Mr. Robertson undervalues Shakspeare's prose. Hamlet's speech, "I have of late (but wherefore I know not)" &c., is surely one of the priceless jewels of the language. The chapter on "Vocabularies"—showing how many words and phrases occur frequently in Bacon and not at all in Shakspeare—is ably worked out, and has its weight. The enemy might answer, however, that in every play of Shakspeare's there is a considerable number of words which occur nowhere else in his writings; yet we do not conclude that each is by a different author. Mr. Robertson suggests that the current estimate of the extraordinary wealth of Shakspeare's vocabulary is probably exaggerated: a point which might surely be decided once for all without enormous labor.

In his concluding chapters on the "Intellectual Interests" of Shakspeare and Bacon, and their "Lives and Personalities," Mr. Robertson is at his best. His information is full, his reasoning close. He is particularly happy in his illustrations of the absurdities which would result from Baconian processes if applied to the lives and works of other poets than Shakspeare. His patience is as a rule wonderful; but, being only human, he now and then lets himself go in such remarks as that "the total allegation is

a critical chimera which staggers judgment and beggars comment," and that it "posits a nightmare of protracted conspiracy and fraud unexampled out of Bedlam." This is plain speaking, but it does not overstate the case. One cannot, after all, regret that Mr. Robertson should have given his mind to this task, for it is incredible that he should not carry conviction to anyone who has the smallest understanding of the nature of evidence. He has done a great service to sanity, and has given us the satisfaction—the only one that has ever arisen, for me at any rate, from the Baconian craze—of seeing a piece of useful work done in quite masterly fashion.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

ST. ALBAN'S.

"St. Alban the Martyr, Holborn: A History of Fifty Years." By the Right Hon. G. W. E. RUSSELL. (Allen. 5s. net.)

Mr. G. W. E. RUSSELL's book is practically the religious biography of Father Mackonochie and the other clergy of St. Alban's, but as he is the author, the reader need not adopt, regarding religious biography, the tactics of Mrs. Linnet in "Scenes from Clerical Life." That lady used to glance over the letters and diary, and whenever there was a preponderance of Zion or the River of Life, she turned the page, while any passage in which she saw such promising nouns as "small-pox," "pony," or "boots and shoes," at once arrested her. In Mr. Russell's book, however, unlike the "Life of the Rev. Legh Richmond," there is not a dull page, while its story of the work done and doing at St. Alban's is told with full appreciation of the heroism, pathos, and fun which are inseparably woven into the record.

January 3rd was the fiftieth anniversary of the institution of John Heriot Mackonochie to the cure of St. Alban's, Holborn, and Mr. Russell brings out clearly in this book the noble work done by the clergy of St. Alban's in bringing home to the poor the Catholicism which is a birth-right of the Church of England. So little was known in the early 'sixties of the English ritual, which Dr. Dearnley has brought to light, that St. Alban's appeared very popish to the Victorian world; but it is possible at this distance to see the great work done by Father Mackonochie. He opened a channel in which the devout enthusiasm of the London clerk and costermonger could flow. Monsieur Emile Gebhart tells in his "L'Italie Mystique" how St. Francis made religion possible for "les petites âmes," who were incapable of the bare austerities of the Cathari and the Patarienes. In the same way the drama at St. Alban's, in unison with the devoted lives of its priests, convinced the poor of the "Real Presence."

The thoughtful and cultured Early Tractarians had failed to reach the submerged classes, aristocrat and proletarian alike. The intensity of St. Alban's brought out what was good in both. The snobbishness of the rich melted in the white heat of ritualistic worship, and countesses and charwomen, like "the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady," found they were sisters under their skin in the mist of the incense.

We read with delight of the great work done by St. Alban's, the friendship of Father Stanton for Baptist ministers, his love of liberty, and desire to develop judgment and sense and self-respect in his penitents. Yet we cannot close the book without a sigh at what must seem the unfairness of Mr. Russell to the Broad Church party in general, and Archbishop Tait in particular. No one who has read Lady Wake's (Archbishop Tait's sister's) "Reminiscences" can feel that Tait had "no special vocation for holy orders." In his early home the spiritual boy was nicknamed "the bishop" from his babyhood. As a child he pored over the old Bible dedicated to Catharine Parr, as a man he entered into his saintly wife's work among the squalid hand-loom weavers of Carlisle, and after losing his five little girls by scarlet fever he was in the habit of using a prayer in their memory worthy of Father Mackonochie himself. Yet Mr. Russell damns him with faint praise, and speaks of his churchmanship as "of that unpleasant variety which is called Broad-Low."

Mr. Russell seems to forget that the Broad Churchman is as keen about his complicated religion as the High

Churchman is about his plain-sailing one, and is as willing to suffer to clear his God from the calumny of the damnatory clauses as Mackonochie was to bring home Christ's Real Presence to costermongers. The character of the God we worship seems as important a point of controversy as the manner of His worship, nor should Tait's tenderness to free-thinkers be matter of reproach.

This book is full of good stories, and the best tells of the severe displeasure of Lord Shaftesbury at what seemed to him the worship of Jupiter and Juno. Mr. Russell's genius for narrative appends to the lengthy comments of the Low Churchman the brief comment of Dean Stanley, the "High-Broad" Churchman:—

"Dean Stanley told Bishop Tait that he had been to St. Alban's, and when the bishop asked what he had seen, replied 'I saw three men in green, and you will find it difficult to put them down.'"

Here is an unconscious tribute to the insight of Broad Churchmen, with which we may leave this delightful history. Probably "low-church, high-church, and broad-church" are distinctions which will last as long as human faith in the Divine, but if the nobler instincts of Dean Stanley are allowed to prevail, the Church Army will unite in fighting the devil, and agree to differ except in not calling evil good and good evil.

C. M.

TYRCONNEL.

"Little Jennings and Fighting Dick Talbot: A Life of the Duke and Duchess of Tyrconnel." By PHILIP W. SERGEANT. (Hutchinson. Two Vols. 24s. net.)

MR. SERGEANT disarms criticism, to some extent, in his preface by suggesting as an alternative title for his work: "Materials for a Life of Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel, with some Details about his Second Wife." These lively volumes, in fact, make no claim to be serious history, and it is not on that plane they must be judged. The author is most successful when he is writing of the English Court, and of the intrigues and scandals of the Court beauties and gallants of the day. He makes a determined and, on the whole, a successful attempt to free the name of his hero from some of the worst aspersions that have been cast upon it. From the careful analysis of the evidence as to Talbot's share in the disgraceful conspiracy of slander against Anne Hyde, we are compelled to admit that the worst charges are not proved against him. On the other hand, the standard of honor in regard to such matters was confessedly low during the Stuart period, and many men in Talbot's position would not have thought it impossible to take part in such a plot. The Stuart Kings certainly put a very severe strain upon the loyalty of their followers in the matters of their love affairs, and if Gramont was really "the most barefaced liar in the world" he only lies as to detail and not as to atmosphere. The "Memoirs" still remain the most truthful, if the most cynical, picture of society of that time.

That part of Mr. Sergeant's work which is devoted to the "Details about his Second Wife" is, in some ways, the most interesting and valuable. The writer can drop for a while his rôle of special pleader, and can give a vivid and charming picture of Frances Jennings. History has lost sight of her in great measure, because of the overpowering personality of her famous sister, but Frances deserved to be remembered, and we are grateful to Mr. Sergeant for this delightful sketch. "She is small," writes the French Envoy, Courtin, in 1665, "but has a fine figure, a splendid complexion, and hair like Madame de Longueville's (you will remember), quick brilliant eyes, and the finest and whitest skin I have ever seen." Gramont's description of her is more extravagant: she suggests "Aurora, or the Goddess of Spring," her animation, her dazzling complexion, her fair hair, present a lovely vision that is not quite borne out by the portraits of her that have been preserved. "With this amiable person," he continues, "she was full of wit and sprightliness, and all her movements were unaffected and easy. Her conversation was charming when she had a mind to please, subtle and delicate when she was disposed to rail; but as she was subject to flights of the imagination, and frequently began to speak before she had finished thinking, her utterance did not always convey what she wished."

When it is remembered that this is written about a girl of fifteen, who had been sent from the country to take her place at Court as one of the Maids of Honor to the Duchess of York, the story that follows will be appreciated in its true proportions. Young, beautiful, high-spirited, audacious, it is wonderful that in an age of scandal and intrigue Frances Jennings should have escaped calumny. "Nothing was too rash," says Gramont, "for Miss Jennings, who was of the opinion that a woman might despise appearances, provided she was in reality virtuous." This comment is written about the madcap adventure in which "Little Jennings" took part with Goditha Price, an indiscreet and undesirable associate. The episode is well known. It is related at length in Gramont's "Memoirs" how the two girls, disguised as orange-sellers, set out to have their fortunes told by a fashionable seer, and how they could not resist calling at the theatre on their way to try the disguise on some of their acquaintances. Francis was, naturally, frightened and disgusted at the reception they received from some of the men. She would have given up the enterprise and gone home, but her companion was older and more persistent and more daring. Their subsequent adventures led to their discovery and to the publication of the story. Pepys's account is very brief, and we may take it that the escapade was not regarded as very serious since he dismisses it as a "mad freak," and that Lord Macaulay's condemnation of poor Frances on this account was somewhat severe and hasty.

It is when Mr. Sergeant comes to the history of Tyrconnel in Ireland that he reaches more debatable ground. Richard Talbot has never been a hero dear to the heart of the Irish people. His name is forgotten, while that of Sarsfield is remembered and loved to this day. Mr. Sergeant's interesting and vivid narrative makes less of Talbot's religious bigotry than is quite justified by a careful examination of the chronicles of the time. The truth about Ireland is that there is far less of this desire for reprisals and religious persecution among Irish Roman Catholics than a narrow Protestant minority would have us believe. Tyrconnel penalised the Protestants during his rule in Ireland in every possible way. He had them dismissed from the army, he replaced them by Catholics on the Bench, he discriminated against them in giving appointments, and yet his is a name which evokes no enthusiasm amongst even the most bigoted and convinced Roman Catholics in Ireland to-day. Patrick Sarsfield's is the name that lives from that period. In writing Sarsfield's history, there is nothing except his allegiance to the cause of James to tell you of what religion he was. He is remembered because he loved his country and fought for her, and would have died for her gladly if the Fates had willed it. He is a hero for Irish Nationalists of any creed or of no creed, because of his love and devotion. Tyrconnel, who occupies a much longer page of history, is forgotten, because his motives were not so pure. He was animated not so much by patriotism as by sectarian hatred, and though he was a clever statesman and a good fighter—and in Ireland to be a good fighter is generally a sufficient passport to popular favor—in the long run, it is the motives that count.

Mr. Sergeant has wisely printed his notes at the end of the second volume, and in these and the appendices will be found much useful historical detail and references to the usual authorities of the period. There is a good index, and the book is fully illustrated by reproductions of contemporary portraits.

THE LAND OF THE ABORS.

"In Abor Jungles." By ANGUS HAMILTON. (Nash. 18s. net.)

MR. ANGUS HAMILTON was sent out by the Central News Agency to report the recent expedition against the Abor tribes on the North-east frontier of India. As he was not allowed to accompany the troops in the field, but had to remain behind at headquarters until their return, his account of the operations is mainly at second-hand. Nevertheless, it is a vivid and instructive study of jungle and mountain warfare in an unexplored region. Nature was the principal enemy of the expedition; the Abors themselves offered little difficulty. Their arms are bows and arrows and the "stone chute"—a terrific term for a childish device; they have no

THE BRITISH REVIEW

APRIL No. NOW READY.

Principal Contents.

Reply to Lord Charles Beresford

Admiral Sir Percy Scott, Bart.

Colour-Hearing - - - C. C. Martindale

To-day in Turkey - - Francis M'Cullagh

Fiscal Reform: III. - - Hilaire Belloc

Liberalism and Catholics - John Ayscough

Poetry—

Heroes of the Antartec - Canon Rawnsley

The Grey Rock - - W. B. Yeats

A Master of Life - - Philip Gibbs

More Mediæval Byways: IV.

L. F. Salzman, F.S.A.

Pennant and His Friends

The Countess of Denbigh

The Wooden Overcoat - Williamson Mason

Obiter Dicta - - - The Editor

ONE SHILLING EVERYWHERE.

LONDON: WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

MR. HEINEMANN'S NEW BOOKS

**WITH THE TURKS IN
THRACE.** By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

Illustrated, and with Map. Royal 8vo, 10s. net.

**A SURVEY of WOMAN'S
PROBLEM.** From the German of ROSA
MAYREDER by H. SCHEFFAUER. Demy 8vo,
5s. net.

PAUL I. OF RUSSIA:
The Son of Catherine the Great.
By K. WALISZEWSKI. Royal 8vo, 15s. net.

Newest Novels, 6s.

THE LIFE MASK

By the Author of "He Who Passed."

THE WEAKER VESSEL

E. F. Benson

GROWING PAINS - - Ivy Low

JOURNEY'S END (John Christopher IV.)

Romain Rolland

MINNA By the Author of "The Pilgrim
Kamanita" Karl Gjellerup

GUTTER BABIES (Illustrated by
Lady Stanley) Dorothea Slade

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO ?
(2nd. Imp.) Elizabeth Robins

Cambridge University Press

**Byzantine and Romanesque Archi-
tecture.** By Sir THOMAS GRAHAM JACKSON,

Bart., R.A. In two volumes. With 165 plates and 148
illustrations in the text. Crown 4to. 42s net.

**An Account of Medieval Figure-
Sculpture in England.** By EDWARD S.

PRIOR, M.A., F.S.A., and ARTHUR GARDNER, M.A.,
F.S.A. With 855 photographs. Demy 4to. 63s net.

The Genus Iris. By WILLIAM RICKATSON

DYKES. With 47 coloured drawings by F. H. Round,
one coloured plate of seeds by Miss R. M. Cardew, and
thirty line drawings by C. W. Johnson. Handsomely
bound in Roxburgh. Demy folio. £6 6s net.

Makers of British Botany. A collection of

biographies by living botanists. Edited by F. W. Oliver.
With 27 plates. Demy 8vo. 9s net.

Mendel's Principles of Heredity. By

W. BATESON, M.A., F.R.S., V.M.H. Third impression,
with additions. With 3 portraits, 6 coloured plates, and
38 illustrations in the text. Royal 8vo. 12s net.

The Duab of Turkestan. A Physiographic

Sketch and Account of Some Travels. By W. RICKMER-
RICKMERS. With 207 maps, diagrams, and other illus-
trations. Large royal 8vo. 30s net.

The Economics of Everyday Life.

A First Book of Economic Study. By T. H. PENSON,
M.A., Lecturer in Modern History and Economics at
Pembroke College, Oxford. Part I. Crown 8vo. 3s net.

The Making of Character. Some Educational

Aspects of Ethics. By John MacCunn, M.A., LL.D.
Sixth impression, containing three new chapters, with
other additions, expansions, and some re-arrangements.
Crown 8vo. 2s 6d net.

The Panama Canal Conflict between Great

Britain and the United States of America. A study by
L. Oppenheim, M.A., LL.D., Whewell Professor of Inter-
national Law in the University of Cambridge. Crown
8vo. 2s 6d net.

Music on the Shakesperian Stage.

By G. H. COWLING. With frontispiece and 10 plates.
Crown 8vo. 4s net.

The Scottish Prayer-book. Being the Book

of Common Prayer, with all the additions and deviations
canonically sanctioned in Scotland incorporated into the
text. Pica 8vo. Cloth. 3s 6d net.

Lord Chatham and the Whig Oppo-

sition. By D. A. WINSTANLEY, M.A. Demy 8vo.
With frontispiece. 7s 6d net.

The Cambridge History of English

Literature. Volume IX. From Steele and
Addison to Pope and Swift. Edited by A. W.
Ward, Litt.D., F.B.A., and A. R. Waller, M.A. Royal
8vo. Bound in buckram, 9s net; in Half-morocco,
15s net.

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher:

Plays. Complete in 10 Volumes. Edited by ARNOLD
GLOVER, M.A., and A. R. WALLER, M.A. Large
Crown 8vo. 40s net. Cambridge English Classics Series.

Cambridge University Press

Fetter Lane, London

skill in war, and, mercifully, were dispersed without much bloodshed on either side. It is to be regretted, by the way, that Mr. Hamilton permits himself on occasion to complain of this smallness of the "bag" of slain Abors. It is perhaps excusable for officers who took part in the actual fighting to talk in this way; but an experienced writer like Mr. Hamilton should know that such expressions, read in cold blood, are very disagreeable. So dense is the Abor jungle that picks, shovels, and even dynamite, had constantly to be used to clear a pathway, and at times the expedition, despite the most arduous exertions, was unable to achieve more than six miles a day. Good work was done with the field telephone and heliograph.

Punitive expeditions of this kind, amounting at best to little more than a highly organized raid, are a costly luxury for a poor country like India; and Simla tries, as a rule, to extract something of permanent political or at least scientific value from them. In this case, the murder by the Abors of Messrs. Williamson and Gregorson, whose indiscretion, or rather plain disregard of an official injunction against entering the Abor district, brought about the whole trouble, was adequately avenged; but in every other respect the expedition was a failure.

It was hoped, for example, that something definite would have been learnt about the unknown reaches of the Brahmaputra. Geographers have long been aware that the great Tsanpo River in Eastern Tibet and the Brahmaputra are identical, and that the two are united by the Dihang, which flows from North to South through the Abor country. The unknown stretch hardly exceeds one hundred miles in length, but it is rendered difficult of access from the South by the impenetrable Abor jungle, and from the North by the mountains, among the most inaccessible in the world, through which the mighty river cuts at right angles. Within this comparatively small unexplored area, the river drops from the 11,000 feet level of the Tibetan plateaux to the 500 feet level of the plains of Assam. Kinthup, who tried to penetrate the mystery from the North, reported the existence of an enormous waterfall at Pema-Koi-Chang, near the Tibetan frontier. "The river," he said in his official report, "falls over a cliff of about 150 feet. There is a big lake at the foot of the falls, above which rainbows are always visible." The Abors flatly deny the existence of these falls. Tibetans from the neighborhood of the frontier give what is probably the explanation—that there is a series of rapids or small falls, as well as a lake. An advance party from the Abor Force made their way as far North as Singging; but here they found their further progress barred by a high range of mountains lying between them and the position of the supposed falls. Bad weather had set in, and deep snow was already accumulating on the mountain-sides. To push on would have been madness, and the party had reluctantly to turn back with their object unachieved. Thus the falls of the Brahmaputra remain one of the unsolved geographical problems; now that the Poles have been reached, perhaps the most fascinating one that is left.

Mr. Hamilton, besides being a very competent journalist, is a by no means amateur geographer and ethnologist, and his descriptions of the Abor country, its peoples, and their customs are a really excellent piece of work. The book is illustrated with a large number of photographs taken by the author.

CARPENTRY AND WORKMANSHIP.

"The Amateur Gentleman." By J. FARNOL. (Sampson Low & Co. 6s.)

"Trent's Last Case." By E. C. BENTLEY. (Nelson. 2s. net.)

"The Night Nurse." By the Author of "THE SURGEON'S LOG." (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

IN "The Night Nurse" the author of the "The Surgeon's Log" has written a fresh and human story, one which, with all its roughnesses and imperfections, has more literary value than Mr. Bentley's ingenious detective tale or Mr. Farnol's exhaustive, high-colored romance, "The Amateur Gentleman." The skill in expression of the three authors is in each case adequate to their design; but the author of "The Night Nurse" has the great advantage of drawing direct from nature, while Mr. Farnol's artistic aims remind us of those of Mr. Vincent Crummies and his talented family. The

characters in "The Amateur Gentleman" combine the picturesque eccentricity of Dickens with the flashlight picturesqueness of Harrison Ainsworth and the astounding artificiality of Bulwer Lytton. In his seventy-eight chapters, comprising 600 pages, tightly packed with thrilling pugilistic scenes, with duels, murders, steeplechases, hue and cries, horse-hocussing, ambuscades, and amorous *rencontres* galore, Mr. Farnol has concocted one of those hot-spiced "flips" so much in vogue with the generation that boasted Corinthian Bob, Harry Hieover, and kindred ornaments of the Regency. It is true that in place of the French brandy, hollands, shrub, curaçoa, of the old-time recipes, Mr. Farnol employs "substitutes" chemically flavored and colored, which recall the products of the modern beetroot. Thus in Chapter I, "in which Barnabas, the hero, knocks down his father," John Barty, ex-champion of England and landlord of the "Coursing Hound," the soft sentimentality of the talk would have greatly astonished the disciples and votaries of Crib, Molyneux, Spring, and other heroes of the ring. Everything is adulterated, similarly, to suit the taste of those who prefer melodramatic effect to a natural atmosphere or natural feeling. The villain of the piece, Mr. Chichester, is as unwavering a scoundrel as Barnabas is a brave and perfect gentleman. The English aristocrats, the Marquis, Sir Mortimer Carnaby, Captain Slingsby, the Viscount, are positively so high-bred as to comply with the most exacting American critic's specifications. The wicked moneylender, Jasper Gaunt, is so inhumanly hard and evil as to merit his fate of a dagger-thrust in the throat, while the comic character, Mr. Smivvle, is as mannered and jerky a puppet as can be found outside Dickens. Mr. Farnol, however, cannot be denied the possession of dramatic energy, unflagging inventive power, and a copious flow of language. Purists may object that, in laying under contribution the period 1800-1840, he has mingled the modes, social and literary, of two distinct periods; but it is undeniable that the panoramic effects he gets thereby will give more pleasure to his audience than would mere artistic fidelity to character or nature.

In "Trent's Last Case," Mr. E. C. Bentley may be congratulated on a workmanlike piece of literary carpentering. Almost everybody is actively interested in the story of a crime, in the piecing together of puzzling facts, and in the happy solution of a psychological problem. "Trent's Last Case," in several respects, compares favorably with the modern detective story. For example, Philip Trent, the young painter who is sent to Marlstone by the big newspaper owner, Sir James Molloy, to investigate the mysterious murder of Sigsbee Manderson, "the Napoleon of Wall Street," is a pleasing contrast to the type of omniscient amateur detective now fashionable in fiction. The household of the murdered man, the two secretaries, Marlowe and Bunner, the old butler, Martin, the French maid, Celestine, Mrs. Manderson, delicate and refined, and her uncle, the kindly Mr. Cupples—all these people are sketched naturally and sincerely, though none of them, indeed, are highly individualised.

Nor does the unfolding of the psychological drama seem unnatural. Manderson had gone to bed at half-past eleven, as usual. About ten o'clock next morning, his dead body was found by a gardener, lying by a shed in the grounds, shot through the left eye. The circumstances, in the police view, pointed to a premeditated murder of revenge; but Trent, working alone, establishes that Manderson was shot at a distance from the house, and carried back to the grounds before eleven, and that about that time "a man, who was not Manderson, wearing Manderson's shoes, hat, and jacket, entered the library by the garden window; that he had with him Manderson's black trousers, waistcoat, and motor-coat, the denture taken from Manderson's mouth, and the weapon with which he had been murdered; that he concealed these, rang the bell for the butler, and sat down at the telephone with his hat on, and his back to the door." Trent establishes also that this man, who had successfully impersonated Manderson, and subsequently had dressed the body in another suit of clothes, leaving the denture in a bowl in Manderson's bedroom, and himself escaping, successfully, from the house at twelve o'clock and establishing an

Seeley, Service & Co Ltd (Founded 1795).

A TURKISH WOMAN'S EUROPEAN IMPRESSIONS

"A fascinating book. The present reviewer has read nothing so informing and illuminating for a long time—nothing since Lady Duff Gordon's 'Letters from Egypt' and an old book, now wholly forgotten, 'The Private Life of an Eastern Queen'; but the newest is in some ways the best of the three. He can vouch for the truth of the facts, most of which he had from several good authorities, but the personality revealed in the letter is new to him and full of charm."

—Prof. Sir WM. M. RAMSAY, in the Manchester Guardian.

THE LAND OF THE NEW GUINEA PYGMIES

CAMP AND TRAMP IN AFRICAN WILDS

THE PASSING OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE IN EUROPE

THE PRACTICE AND SCIENCE OF DRAWING

Illustrated Prospectus post free on application to 38, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON.

6s.
net.

Zeyneb Hanoum

(See the Review by
Sir Wm. M. Ramsay.)

16s.
net.

Capt. C. G. Rawling

C.I.E., F.R.G.S.

16s.
net.

E. Torday Member Council of
R. Anthro. Society.

16s.
net.

Capt. Granville Baker

21st LANCERS

6s.
net.

Harold Speed

A.S.N.B.A., M.R.S.P.P.

CHANGING RUSSIA

By STEPHEN GRAHAM. 7s. 6d. net.

The HONBLE. MAURICE BARING in reviewing "UNDISCOVERED RUSSIA" (demy octavo, 12s. 6d. net), by Mr. GRAHAM, said: "Mr. Lane would confer a great benefit on English readers if he could see his way, in course of time, to issue a cheap edition of this delightful and valuable book."

Mr. Lane now has the honour of announcing the publication of Mr. GRAHAM'S new book "CHANGING RUSSIA," demy octavo, 309pp., with 16 illustrations, in a cheap edition in the first instance, namely, 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. BARING also said of "UNDISCOVERED RUSSIA" in "The Morning Post": "The book is full of passages of beauty, everyone should read it at once. It is, above all things, readable, and it is as delightful as it is true. More, it is a valuable and precious record of a thing wholly unknown and extremely important to Europe, the life of the Russian peasant and the psychology of the Russian people."

In "CHANGING RUSSIA" Mr. GRAHAM touches on the commercial and political life of modern Russia, with which he shows as much intimate acquaintance as with that of the peasantry.

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD VIGO ST.

The Quest.

A Quarterly Review.

Edited by G. R. S. MEAD.

Price, 200 pp.: Single Copies, 2/6 net; 2/9 post free.

Annual Subscription, 11/- post free.

VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1913.

No. 3.

The Mountain Tomb	William Butler Yeats.
The Essence of Sufism	Reynold A. Nicholson, Litt.D.
Song of the Beech Tree	S. E. Pearson.
Rudolf Eucken and the Mystics	Meyrick Booth, B.Sc., Ph.D.
Jacob's Wrestling	E. E. Kellett, M.A.
The Mystical Philosophy of Ancient China	L. Cranmer-Byng, B.A.
Philosophy of the 'A' If	The Editor.
A Poet of Dreamland	M. F. Howard.
The Messianic Fish Meal of the Primitive Church	Robert Eisler, Ph.D.
Freewill and Omnipotence	Harold Picton, B.Sc.
Periodic Rest in Hell	L. A. M. Pynsent.
The 'Might Have Been'	G. H. Powell.
The Sacrifice	Algernon Blackwood.
The Jongleur of Poitou	K. L. Montgomery.

JOHN M. WATKINS, 21, Cecil Court, Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.

NOW READY. No. 7. (Third Year.) APRIL. 6d. NET.



Devoted to the Literature of Peasant Life.

LONDON: A. C. FIFIELD, 13, CLIFFORD'S INN, E.C.

TWO TYPIST SECRETARIES WANTED. Must be expert Typists and Shorthand Writers, with a thorough knowledge of French, German, and Italian; able to translate accurately and promptly; a smattering of knowledge of these languages is no use; must be really capable and reliable. Reply, in writing, with all particulars to Box 268, c/o THE NATION, 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

Crown 8vo, gilt top 4s. 6d. net. (postage 3d.)

PASSING THE LOVE OF WOMEN & OTHER POEMS

By REV. E. E. BRADFORD, D.D., Exeter College, Oxon.

Author of "Sonnets, Songs, and Ballads."

"Facile and sprightly verses."—*The Times*.

"Orthodoxy and scholarship are the characteristic note of the dignified metrical work in the volume. . . . Such a book cannot fail to please readers who like English poetry best when it keeps true to its own traditions."—*The Scotsman*.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., Ltd.,

Broadway House, 68-74, Carter Lane, London, E.C.

BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, &c.

The Largest Selection in London.

CHURCH BOOKS

BIBLES WITH APOCRYPHA, PRIEST'S POCKET BIBLES, DAILY SERVICE BOOKS, HYMNS A. & M. with or without Prayer-book.

GEORGE F. EDITIONS. Catalogue sent post free. Cash discount 3d. in ls. THE LONDON BIBLE WAREHOUSE, 22, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

TWO PARENTS and GUARDIANS.

KYNOCHE, LIMITED.

have VACANCIES in their Commercial Departments for a few young Gentlemen of good education and manners. No premium required. Term of indentures four years.—Apply, by letter only, to the Secretary, Kynoch, Limited, Witton, Nr. Birmingham.

The Road to Health

is paved with Good Digestion.

BRAGG'S CHARCOAL

purifies the system and is invaluable for INDIGESTION, Flatulence, Acidity, Heartburn, Impure Breath, and Dizziness. Recommended by Doctors. Of all Chemists & Stores. Biscuits, 1/-, 2/- & 4/- tin; Powder, 2/- & 4/- per bottle; Lozenges, 1/4 in. Cigarettes, 2/- per box. J. L. BRAGG, LTD., 14, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

alibi at Southampton, was Marlowe, the millionaire's private secretary. It turns out, however, when other links have been supplied and welded into the chain (a) that Manderson, out of jealousy, had arranged an elaborate trap to ruin Marlowe, and to charge him with attempted murder and robbery; (b) that it was the mild Mr. Cupples who actually shot the millionaire; and that (c) Marlowe had carried out his impersonation of the dead man, and his manipulation of the body, to save his own neck from the noose.

The story, as we have said, is a very ingenious piece of cabinet-making. But its psychological weakness is characteristic of the class of detective story which fabricates an imaginary crime for our instruction. On reconsideration one does not believe that Marlowe could have behaved as he is represented, when "the ghastly array of incriminating circumstances rose up before him." He reasons too coolly and too accurately, and he acts too readily for a man in his position. "Trent's Last Case," in short, is not close enough to life or nature to rank as a work of art.

It may interest the author of "The Night Nurse" to be told that while his novel owes its artistic freshness and force to his close observation of a hospital environment, it fails when he sacrifices fidelity to the atmosphere for the sake of the love story. It was an admirable idea to take for a theme the human relations existing between the male resident staff and the sisters and nurses of a Dublin hospital, with the natural background of the patients and the daily round of hospital work. The house surgeons, Fitzgerald, and Pip, and Connellan, not to speak of the dissipated Dr. Hickey, are no doubt fairly typical Irish house surgeons, and in the subtle character of Nora Townsend, fiercely passionate beneath her defensive nun-like chastity, the author has sketched a fascinating type of Irish womanhood. The story, with its light, gay, flirtations, and tacit alliance between nurses and young doctors against the sisters and matron, would scarcely be true of a London hospital, but the Celt has the advantage of informality over the Englishman. The novel would have gained in psychological depth were the strain and stress of the work of the house surgeon, Fitzgerald, more in evidence. As it is, some of the best scenes in the book deal with the critical cases, such as the operation on Nurse Otway for perforation, which is excellent. Of particular interest to the layman is the description of the professional attitude of the staff to the patients; but, as we have noted, there is too little background, and too much of the foreground of "love interest." It seems doubtful whether Fitzgerald would have betrothed himself, though in a fit of masculine pique, to Nurse Otway, the woman he does not love. But the episode serves to complicate the hero's position, and to shift him from Dublin to a new centre of action, a typhus hospital on the West Coast. The picture of the apathy and total lack of organisation prevailing at Westbar, and the portrait of Dr. Joyce, the old resident officer who drinks, both obviously done from the life, are curiously effective. But the author is tied to the chariot wheels of the "love interest," and accordingly the hero Fitzgerald goes down with typhus, and Nora Townsend has to be brought from Dublin to nurse him, so that the book may end with a happy marriage. Regarded as a breezy sketch of a particularly interesting subject, "The Night Nurse" is a promising essay, and we hope the author may be induced to treat it again at greater length and in finished detail.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Letters from the Near East." By MAURICE BARING. (Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d. net.)

In form this little book is very slight. It consists only of a longish preface, a few articles written for the "Morning Post" about four years ago, and a few articles written for the "Times" last year. The earlier letters describe the situation in Constantinople at the beginning of the Young Turk régime; the later are dated from Sofia, Uskub, and again from Constantinople during the war. Mr. Baring makes no pretence to special knowledge of the Balkans. He knows Russia as very few Englishmen know it; his former books have shown us that. But he admits that he approached the complications of the Balkan Peninsula with an entirely

"open" mind. He quotes freely from Sir Charles Eliot, and, certainly, he could have found no better guide. But beyond that he has trusted to his own eyes and ears. The result is a very just examination of the recent critical years, and of the causes which have at last overthrown the Turkish domination among the intermingled subject races. As we know from his Russian books, he is not exactly an enthusiastic writer. He holds himself rather detached, has no "parti pris," no prejudice for good or evil, and, if anything, is always inclined to the official view, since he is most accustomed to it. But his natural sympathies, especially with peasants and working people, keep pulling him over to the other side, and so he keeps a balance that is always fair in intention and usually in result. Such personal feeling as he had when first he went to Constantinople was a readiness to admire the Young Turk. He soon lost his elements of admiration. We think he did not make enough allowance for the obstacles put in the way of reform by Russia for her own purposes—obstacles further increased by this country's mistaken policy. But on the whole he analyses the causes of the Young Turk failure with insight, and he has the good sense to see that this failure does not in the least prove constitutional and social reform to be impossible among Oriental peoples.

* * *

"Memories of Comte Roger de Damas, 1787-1806." Edited by JACQUES RAMBAUD. Translated by Mrs. RUDOLPH STAWELL. (Chapman & Hall. 15s. net.)

THIS is one of the many volumes of reminiscences of the Emigration period, and gives an account of an adventurous, headstrong, impulsive soldier who, with all his fighting, contributed very little to the advantage of the vacillating Bourbons whom he served. Roger de Damas was a brother of the Charles de Damas who assisted in the flight to Varennes. He himself took service in the Russian Army which was fighting the Turks in 1788; distinguished himself at the Siege of Otchakof and won Catherine II.'s favor; attached himself to the Comte d'Artois in 1792, and fought at various times against his countrymen under the Russian, Austrian, and Neapolitan flags. After the Restoration he was elected Deputy by the Haute-Marne, but he took no very active part in politics, and died almost unnoticed in 1823. His memoirs contain plenty of adventure and make interesting reading for those who care for accounts of military exploits. But they add nothing of moment to what historians have written of the period, beyond emphasising the incapacity of the Comte d'Artois as a leader. Mrs. Stawell has furnished English readers with a competent translation.

* * *

"A Book of Famous Wits." By WALTER JERROLD. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE grandson of Douglas Jerrold has an hereditary interest in wit, and this "anecdote-history of the long dynasty" of the conversational wits, from Tarlton and Jonson to Whistler, Wilde, and Taylor, is not unlikely to become the breviary of the professional diner-out. Mr. Jerrold has taken as his motto, "Under the spreading chestnut tree," and it must be confessed that a large proportion of the witticisms he prints fall into that area. This was bound to be the case owing to the plan of the book, and the reader will be consoled in some degree by the presence of so many trite jests by the discovery of others that have freshness and point. At all events, the book contains a crowd of good things by all those who made it their business to say them, and a number of others—we notice an excellent one by Mr. Lloyd George—by men and women whose main claims to distinction are in other fields. It is not a book to read through at a sitting, but if used with judicious parsimony it should furnish a good deal of amusement.

The Monthlies.

NATIONAL defence occupies a good deal of space in the monthly reviews for April. Cardinal Bourne advocates compulsory military training in the "Nineteenth Century" in an article entitled "How Can England be prepared for Defence against Possible Attack?" and Major Stewart Murray discusses "The Internal Condition of Great Britain in Time of War" in the same journal. In the "Fortnightly" "Islander" continues his valuable examination of "The Military Conspiracy" and Mr. J. Ellis Barker discusses "The Armament Race and its Latest Develop-

ments." Messrs. Grahame-White and Harper write on "Our Peril From Above" in the "National Review," which also prints articles on "The Truth of War" by Earl Percy, and "The Decay of Patriotism" by Ignotus, as well as Lord Roberts's Wolverhampton speech on "Citizenship and Duty." First place is given in the "Contemporary" to "Liberalism and the Land" by Sir W. Ryland Adkins, while Mr. Philip Morrell's article on "Seven Years of Liberal Government" and Sir William Wedderburn's on "The Royal Commission on the Indian Public Service" should also be noted. Other contributions to the April reviews deserving attention are "Is Our Civilisation Dying?" by Mr. Sidney Low, "Turkey's Asiatic Problem" by Mr. Herbert Vivian, and "Oxford and the Working Man" by Mr. F. C. S. Schiller in the "Fortnightly"; "France and the Algerian Problem" by M. Philippe Millet, "Arctic Exploration in Shakespeare's Era" by Sir Sidney Lee, and "The Social Data of Radicalism" by Mr. W. H. Mallock in the "Nineteenth Century"; "Maeterlinck, the Revolutionary" by Mr. J. H. Harley, and "Some Aspects of the Persian Question" by Mr. M. Philips Price in the "Contemporary"; and Sir Percy Scott's "Reply to Lord Charles Beresford" in the "British Review."

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning March 28.	Price Friday morning April 4.
Consols	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$
Midland Deferred	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mexican Railway Ordinary	55 $\frac{1}{2}$	56 $\frac{1}{2}$
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	101
Union Pacific	153 $\frac{1}{2}$	157 $\frac{1}{2}$
Russian 5 p.c., 1896	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$
Japanese 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ p.c. (1st ser.)	92 $\frac{1}{2}$	93 $\frac{1}{2}$
Turkish Unified	86	86

TRADE still remains marvellously good, despite some falling off in orders. In Germany, however, the long-drawn scarcity of money is resulting in bank failures, of which several have occurred in the last few days. Austrian trade has been badly hit by the Balkan War, and conditions in Galicia are especially miserable. On the London Stock Exchange the week has been one of marked stagnation, despite the movements in the American and Mexican railway markets. It seems to be thought by experts here that the Wall Street bankers will be ready to patronise a boom as soon as the European situation clears, but not before. Advices from Mexico are conflicting. It is possible that the Northern States may try to split off from Central and Southern Mexico. But, of course, the real danger to financial and commercial interests lies in Russia, whose Government apparently fears to carry out the compact about Scutari. The Czar is supposed to be hard pressed by the Pan Slavists, and there are authenticated reports of widespread activity among the Socialists and Anarchists in most of the great Russian towns. The Russian Pan Slavists are very busy in the newspapers with denunciations of Austria. Hence, well-informed bankers in the City remain in a very cautious mood, and the Bank of England maintains its rate in spite of the decline in discounts. Interest in the Marconi scandals is dying down, and is being replaced by anxiety about the budget. The prospective deficit is making monied men reflect once more on the supertax and cognate subjects. Talking of Marconi shares, I am told in the City that the public could undoubtedly buy, and did buy, American Marconi shares at the price paid by Sir Rufus Isaacs, and at the same time. My informant ridiculed the talk about corruption, but added:—"They ought to have avoided anything called Marconi, if not anything beginning with M."

THE GRAND TRUNK REPORT.

The Grand Trunk's dividend statement always sets out the totals of gross revenue, working expenses, and the net results (mostly deficits) of the subsidiaries, so that little interest, as a rule, is taken in the full report. Only by analysis of the details which make up the main figures, however, can the reasons for the progress shown be seen. The improvement in the surplus available, after meeting fixed and other charges (including the subsidiaries' deficits) from £466,890 to £575,330 was due, in the main, to the reduction in the ratio of working expenses, receipts rising by £477,000

and expenses by £223,800. The increase in receipts came almost wholly from the freight and live stock traffic, but the increase in expenses was practically limited to the wages bill. The abstracts of expenditure show wide differences on particular items, but these averages themselves out to a net decrease of £16,700 on maintenance accounts. Increases of track maintenance occur under ties, ballasting, bridge repairs; but rails and track material cost more. Under equipment it is rather remarkable, in view of the heavier traffic, that nearly £200,000 less was spent on freight train car repairs, while £95,000 was spent on passenger cars. The Grand Trunk's working expenditure has always been rather complex. Even when the renewal suspense account appeared in the balance-sheets, the charges in its account could not be followed in the expenditure accounts. It has been alleged that the late Mr. Hays was over-conservative in his policy, and possibly the equipment expenditure in future may have a lower ratio to receipts than in the past. On the other hand, the charges may be due merely to the needs of the respective services, and next year a different set of items may have increased. In considering the position of the Preference stocks of the Grand Trunk, it is necessary to bear in mind their small nominal amount. They are set out below:—

Amount. £		Prices since		Yield. £ s. d.
		Highest.	Lowest.	
12,215,554...	4 % Guaranteed Stock	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	89	4 11 0
3,420,000...	5 % 1st Preference	108 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 14 9
2,530,000...	5 % 2nd Preference	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	99	5 0 0
7,168,055...	5 % 3rd Preference	64 $\frac{1}{2}$	55 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 18 6

In front of these stocks there is £30,000,000 of Debenture stock and bonds, and junior to them comes £22,500,000 of Ordinary stock which has never received a dividend. The "guaranteed" stock is really nothing more than a Preference stock in front of the so-called "First Preference." The "guaranteed" stock is not guaranteed in any way. While dividends were being paid on the First and Second Preference stocks and nothing at all—or only $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—on the Third Preference, the position of the First and Second stocks was precarious; but, owing to the large nominal amount of the Third Preference by comparison with the First and Second, the position of these stocks is very much improved. The dividend paid on the Third Preference for the year 1912 cost £179,116, nearly equal to three years' full dividends on the Second Preference, so that by the popular way of reckoning, the dividend on that stock was covered three times over. The "guaranteed," First Preference, and Second Preference are certainly not bad investments for those who believe in Canada's ultimate future.

RUBBER SHARES AND RUBBER.

This week has seen another drop of a few pence in the price of rubber; the rubber share market has been extraordinarily weak as the result. The movements in the shares of the speculative leaders react upon the whole market in the absence of any purchases from the outside public, so prices go on cheapening until the public is attracted by their obvious lowness, and speculators rush in to buy the market leaders. The position of the low-priced shares of new producers, however, is very different from that of the older concerns. Most of the market favorites stand at high prices upon their record of enormous outputs and huge dividends as the result of the high price of rubber in 1910 and 1911. It is obvious that the dividends of these companies must come down if rubber declines in price; but the younger companies are increasing their outputs rapidly. Most of their estimates of dividend were based upon a price of 3s. per pound for rubber in 1913, and 2s. 6d. later on, so that there is no reason why they should not realise them. Holders of shares in sound companies, who subscribed at par in the boom of 1910 or after it, have but to wait a little longer, in most cases, to see their properties reach the dividend-paying stage, and would be most unwise to sell because rubber is falling in price. In fact, there are shares of carefully financed companies which may be well worth buying at present levels. That rubber can decline to an unremunerative level to the plantation companies is not yet a possibility even, for before that all the supplies of Brazilian rubber must be cut off, the cost of production of that article being nearly 3s. per pound against the 1s. to 1s. 6d. per pound of the Malayan companies.

LUCELLUM.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE

RED WHITE & BLUE

Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

HIBBERT LECTURES ON MOHAMMEDANISM.

THE Third Course of the New Series of Hibbert Lectures will be given by Prof. D. S. MARGOLIOUTH, M.A., D.Litt., Laudian Professor of Arabic in the University of Oxford, on "The Early Development of Mohammedanism."

The Course will consist of eight Lectures, and will be delivered in the University of London, South Kensington, on Tuesdays, at three o'clock in the afternoon; April 8th—May 27th.

Admission free, without ticket. Syllabus will be sent on receipt of post-card, addressed to the Secretary, at University Hall, Gordon Square, London, W.C.

FRANCIS H. JONES,
Secretary to the Trustees.

Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

Invested Funds exceed . . . £80,000,000
Claims Paid £100,000,000

FURNITURE FOR CASH.

Lowest Prices.

Wm. SPRIGGS & Co., Ltd.,
238-241, Tottenham Court Road, W.

TOURS.

£10 10. ROME TOUR. Hotels and return tickets. Short Sea Route, with extension NAPLES, FLORENCE, VENICE, also SPAIN, GREECE, ALGIERS, etc.

DR. HENRY S. LUNN, LTD., 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

£10 10. May 8th-24th, from MARSEILLES, to NAPLES SICILY, MALTA, TUNIS, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR. Cruise. TANGIER, LISBON, and SOUTHAMPTON.

DR. HENRY S. LUNN, LTD., 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

APPOINTMENT VACANT.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The Senate invite applications for the post of UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE tenable at the East London College. The salary will be £600 a year.

Applications (twelve copies), together with copies of not more than three testimonials and the names of not more than three references, must be received not later than the first post on May 19th, 1913, by the Academic Registrar, University of London, South Kensington, S.W., from whom further particulars may be obtained.

HENRY A. MIERS, Principal.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME XII. OF THE NATION

is in the press, and may be obtained free on application to the Manager.



E. RAY

THE OPEN
GOLF CHAMPION,

writes

58, Lower Paddock Road,
Oxhey, Watford,
Herts.

July 24th, 1912.

Messrs. F. & J. Smith,
Dear Sirs,

I might say that I have been a regular smoker of your Glasgow Mixture for the last twelve years, and I might also say that I cannot find any tobacco to suit me like it. In my opinion if Golf Players would smoke your famous Glasgow Mixture they would find it very soothing to the Nerves, as I am sure I do when having to play strenuous Golf matches such as the Open Championship, etc.

Yours truly, E. RAY

SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE

Sold in three strengths—MILD, MEDIUM & FULL
5d. per oz. 10d. per 2 oz. 1/8 per 1/4-lb.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded free on application.
F. & J. Smith, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Gt. Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.

The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and
Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 3d. By Post, 3d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2 COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the ECONOMIST is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAIL.

Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C.,
and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

LIBRARY LAW MAGAZINE AND MUSIC -BOOK- -BINDING

We advise the same methods as we have used for over 1500 Public Libraries in all parts of the world.

TESTED FOR STRAIN AND UNDER ADVERSE ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS OUR LEATHER SHOWS THE FOLLOWING SUPERIORITY	
MOROCCO AND CALF	•25
OUR LEATHER	•99

AT NO EXTRA COST WE TREBLE
THE LIFE OF THE MODERN BOOK.

CEDRIC CHIVERS LTD PORTWAY
LONDON ADDRESS—4 TRAFALGAR SQUARE W.C. BATH ENG.



OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Bathrooms on every Floor.
Lounges and Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading,
Billiard and Smoking Rooms.

Perfect Sanitation. Fireproof Floors. Telephones. Night Porters.

Bedroom Attendance and Table d'Hôte
Breakfast, Single, from 5/6 to 7/6.

Table d'Hôte Dinner, 6 Courses, 3/-

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London."
Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. WILD, C.C., Man.
Direc., 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

ABERYSTWYTH.

ABERYSTWYTH HYDRO HOTEL. Facing Sea. Bracing air.
Electric and Sea-water Baths.

BELFAST.

IMPERIAL HOTEL. Most centrally situated. Spacious showrooms.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

THE CARLTON, East Cliff. First-Class Residential Establishment.
Uninterrupted Sea Views. Facing South. Meals at separate
tables. Night porter. Tel. 440.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) Hotel. Close Pier; 1st-Class; moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30/- week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

BUXTON.

HADDON HALL HYDRO LTD. 'Phone 4. J. Little.

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

FOLKESTONE.

TOYNBEE HALL, 15, Langeborne Gardens. Board and Residence.
Miss Brett and Miss Randall.

GREAT YARMOUTH.

SAVOY HOTEL. Most central. Eng. meat. Pop. prices Tel. 412. F. Rogers.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 rooms. Facing sea.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE. 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.

LAURENCE'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL. Clayton Square.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

LYNTON (Devon).

ROYAL CASTLE FAMILY HOTEL. Grounds 9 acres.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & Manager, J. Wilson.
KNOTSFORD. Supr. apta. Elec. light. Prop., C. Bartter. Tel. 182.

MATLOCK.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links (18 holes).
SMEDLEY'S HYDRO Establishment. Estab. 1863. H. Challand.

MOFFAT.

MOFFAT HYDRO, Dumfriesshire. Finest in Scotland. Golf
(18 holes), Tennis, Croquet, Garage. Terms from £2 12s. 6d.

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

QUEENSTOWN.

IMPERIAL HOTEL. Most comfortable and up-to-date. A. Paten.

SILLOTH-ON-SOLWAY.

SILLOTH HYDRO. A small, homely establishment. Baths,
massage. Send for Prospectus. C. Hawkins, Proprietor.

GOLF HOTEL. First-class family hotel. Garage and stabling.
'Phone 8 Silloth. W. Dyer, Proprietor and Manager.

SLATEFORD.

EDINBURGH HYDROPATHIC. On Craiglockhart Hill.
Beautiful scenery, walks, and drives. Trams to City, 2d.

SOUTHPORT.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Af'noon Teas. Tel. 647.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier and Lord St. Lounge, Lift,
120 bedrooms; Turkish, elec., etc., baths. Tel. 80. Wires
"Kenworthy." Prospectus, Managers.

SWANSEA.

HOTEL CAMERON. Tel. 921. Garage. Palm Court, Grill,
and electric lift. For terms apply Manager.

TENBY.

BELGRAVE HOTEL, South Shore. Overlooking Golf Links.
Mrs. K. W. Hicks.

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WORCESTER.

HARRISON'S VICTORIA HOTEL, Broad St., 1st-Class Temp. Tel. 212.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for
copies and subscriptions should be sent to the Publisher,
10, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE NATION
PUBLISHING CO., LTD., and crossed "National Provincial
Bank."

Telephones:—Business: Gerrard 4035.

Editorial: Gerrard 6584.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," Westrand, London.

Single copies of THE NATION may be obtained from,
and subscriptions received by:—

Canada—The Toronto News Co., 42, Yonge Street,
Toronto; The Montreal News Co., 386 and 388,
St. James Street, Montreal.

U.S.A.—The International News Co., 83 and 85, Duane
Street, New York.

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli; W. H.
Smith & Son's Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Escoffier's Library, 3, Place Massena.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Scale of Charges for Advertisements.

	FULL PAGE.	$\frac{1}{2}$ PAGE.	$\frac{1}{4}$ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0
Hotels, Hydros, and Educational:			
13 Insertions	...	8d. per line.	
52 "	...	6d. "	

EDUCATIONAL.

CROHAM HURST SCHOOL, near South Croydon.

House built for the purpose in healthy and beautiful situation. Aim of education to cultivate wide interests and intelligent habits of work. Special encouragement given to leisure pursuits and individual reading. Hockey, Tennis, Swimming, Riding. Pupils prepared for University. Full domestic course for senior pupils and external students. Principals—Miss Theodora E. Clark and Miss K. M. Ellis.

TETTENHALL COLLEGE, STAFFORDSHIRE.

Headmaster: **ALFRED H. ANGUS, B.Sc.**

Most healthily situated, 500 feet above sea-level. Classical and Commercial Education on Public School lines. Modern methods.

For illustrated prospectus apply to the Headmaster or to the Secretary.

LEIGHTON PARK (near Reading)

A Boarding School, under the management of the Society of Friends, for Boys of from 12 to 19 years.

Extensive grounds, high above the Thames Valley.

Headmaster - - - C. I. EVANS, M.A., Oxon.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

Summer Term begins April 30th.

Affiliated Preparatory School, "Caldicott," Hitchin.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

Chairman of Trustees, **VISCOUNT COBHAM.**

The Entrance Scholarship Examination will take place on June 24th and 25th. Information and Prospectus from the Head Master (R. G. ROUTH, M.A.), The School House, Bromsgrove.

PINEHURST, CROWBOROUGH (SUSSEX). Country School for Girls.

House in grounds on edge of Moorland, between 600 and 700 feet above sea level.

Principal, Miss H. T. NEILD, M.A. (Vict.) Class. Tripos (Camb.), assisted by Miss M. MENNELL (trained by Madame Osterberg). Prospectus on application.

CATERHAM SCHOOL, SURREY.

Founded 1811. Rebuilt 1884.

Head Master: Mr. Allan P. Mottram, B.Sc., (Lond.).

Second Master: Mr. J. H. Stafford, M.A., LL.B., (Cantab.).

Educational Course under inspection of University of London and Board of Education.

Open-air leisure pursuits; Organised Games, Gardening, Athletics, Poultry Keeping, Scouting, &c.

Situation, 500 feet above Sea-level, on North Downs.

New Term, Tuesday, April 29th, 1913.

A FREE CHURCH PUBLIC SCHOOL.**ST. PAUL'S GIRLS' SCHOOL, Brook Green, Hammersmith, W.**

The next examination for Foundation Scholarships will take place on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, July 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. These Scholarships exempt the holders from the payment of Tuition Fees. Application should be made to the HIGH MISTRESS, at the School. The last day for the registration of Candidates will be Monday, June 23rd.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

EDUCATION THOROUGHLY MODERN; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus, address: Principal, BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL.

Headmaster: ARTHUR ROWNTREE, B.A. (Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History, and Practice of Education, Cantab.)

The Summer Term begins on May 1st.

Full particulars and copies of Prospectus may be obtained from the Headmaster, Bootham School, York.

GUNN SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

In a "GUNN" Bookcase your books will be the most easily accessible, the best arranged, and at the same time the most effectively protected from damp and dust.

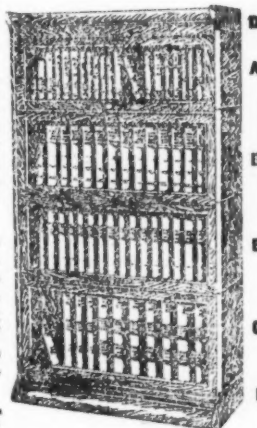
The "GUNN" is in every way worthy of your most treasured volumes. In choosing the "Gunn" you choose the best that money can buy or efficient workmanship can fashion. There is no other Sectional Bookcase on the market combining the features of utility and handsome appearance in so complete a degree.

The "Gunn" never proclaims its sectional construction, and there are no visible locking arrangements or projections at the sides. In a "Gunn" you have a worthy house for books and an ornament to any room.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

No. 15, containing photographic reproductions of the various Gunn styles and detailed information about the "Gunn" system, sent post free with the name and address of nearest Agent.

Wm. ANGUS & Co. Ltd.,
45, Paul Street, Finsbury,
London, E.C.



This illustrates one of the styles in Figured Oak or Birch.

D	Top Section	..	£0 12 6
A	94-in. Book Section	0 16 6	
B	114-in. Book Section	0 18 6	
C	134-in. Book Section	1 0 0	
F	Base Section	..	0 10 6
Total			£4 14 6

THIS WEEK'S ISSUE OF THE**Saturday Westminster**

will contain, in addition to the usual features:—

INJUDICIOUS NESTERS. By Horace Hutchinsen.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA. By Mrs. Mocatta.

A Short Story,
THE GUNNER WHO GOT THERE.
By Josephine Paine.

Essays on the Choice of Boots on the Problems Page.

A Special Review of Miss Evelyn Underhill's new book,
"The Mystic Way."

NEW NOVELS. **'F.C.G.' CARTOONS.**
EVENTS OF THE WEEK. **GALLERY NOTES.**

16 PAGES.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"Saturday Westminster." April 5.
Offices: Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C.

NOW READY.

The April "BOOK MONTHLY," 6d.

CONTENTS.

PERSONAL AND PARTICULAR. A Round of the Month with the People who Write.
MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. Her Position Among Contemporary Novelists.—By C. E. Lawrence.
FAMILIAR FACES. The Books of our Childhood which Linger With Us.—By Dorothy Payne Galloway.
POETIC TRIFLES. Their Value and Influence in the By-ways of Literature.—By W. Bailey Kemping.
A LONDON LETTER. A Memory and Portrait of Charles Major the Novelist.—By James Milne.
A STORY HOUR. Good Small Talk of Some Great Modern Men.
CORRESPONDENCE. Another Author-Journalist and the Brotherhood of Reviewers.
NOVELS ACROSS THE SEA. The English Story that Most Interests the American Reader.
A GOOD "REPRINT." The Busy Man and the Reading of Books.
NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY. Particulars of Interesting Volumes Likely to be Published this Month.
BOOKS OF THE MONTH. A Chronicle of the Noteworthy Publications of March with a Reviewing Commentary.
THE PERIODICALS. Contents of some April Reviews and Magazines.
Illustrated Supplement: BOOKS OF THE DAY IN PORTRAIT AND PICTURE.

Publishers: Messrs. CASSELL & CO., Ltd.,
La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

There is always a New Mills & Boon Novel

6/- EACH.

By the Author of "Down Our Street."

BECAUSE OF JANE

By J. E. BUCKROSE.

(Second Edition in the press.)

Morning Post.—"We can warmly congratulate the author on a book, quite rare in its sincerity, and quite unique in its sympathy and humour."

Times.—"Full of the author's comprehending and humorous sympathy."

Hearth and Home.—"Congratulations to the author of a charming child character and a delightful story."

Sheffield Daily Telegraph.—"Another of J. E. Buckrose's entertaining and natural stories will be read from cover to cover."

By the Author of "Mary up at Gaffries."

WILSAM

By S. C. NETHERSOLE.

JUST OUT.—First Edition sold.

Second Edition ready.

Third Edition in the press.

WILSAM is one of Mills & Boon's best novels, and is a notable work of fiction.

By the Author of "White Fang."

A SON OF THE SUN

By JACK LONDON. (Second Edition.)

Pall Mall Gazette.—"We lay this book down happily, conscious of our familiarity with the South Seas, although we have never been within a thousand leagues of them."

Standard.—"Jack London justifies the claim to be considered the Kipling of America."

Leeds Yorkshire Post.—"David Grief will certainly win the unstinted applause of an audience that is bound to be very large."

Dundee Advertiser.—"This is Jack London's best. 'A Son of the Sun' is a glorious story, written with all the dash and enthusiasm for which Mr. London is famed."

A page of "BECAUSE OF JANE."

78 BECAUSE OF JANE

"It's a funny thing to be invited to a party and then have rice pudding," said little Jane.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Russell. "Naughty girl!"

"But, Granmie, it is a funny thing to be invited to a—"

"Be quiet, Jane," said Emmaline.

"Oh, do let the poor little kid have a piece of this sweet," said Croft. "What an ass I was!"

Only I noticed she always had rice pudding at home. I say, Jane, leave it."

"No," said Emmaline, still smiling. "I must beg of you not to interfere, Mr. Croft. I know you mean it kindly, but discipline must be maintained. Jane, if you speak again you must go into the drawing-room."

But Jane bent her face over her plate and muttered obstinately between every mouthful:

"It's a funny thing to be invited to a party and then have rice pudding."

"Go into the drawing-room, Jane," said Emmaline quite gently.

So Jane went, muttering still but obedient, for there was that in her mother's voice which she dared not disobey.

Beatrice felt with the culprit; still she too knew that discipline must be maintained; so it was not until coffee had been served that she managed to slip away in search of Jane.

But there was no disconsolate little figure to be found, though Beatrice called and hunted everywhere, and she was reluctant to go back with the

A page of "WILSAM."

MERCY'S WORD

"And to show her world nothing to be ashamed of, I kissed you, Mary—you recollect?"

Aye, did not I? It seemed as if one small marble spun on my cheek must still cry aloud, "You kissed me here."

"I don't suppose you ever thought any more about it?" he went on. "I didn't for a time" (my heart

burned its strong beatings). "We had been good friends always, and after that night I missed you."

I remember once or twice afterwards I was almost ashamed I'd done it. But perhaps after all it tied a knot in our friendship, like your old maidish way of

trying a knot in the corner of your handkerchief to make you think of something next day. Well, the knot remained tied, and at odd times it rubbed against me,

seemed to say to me, "There's Mercy, your cousin; you kissed her once—never you dare kiss another girl unless she is good enough to put alongside of Mercy."

My dear, I've never found one so good."

I bent my face low over my newspaper evening. What of Humphreys, I wondered. It was as if his

voice found voice to disarm mine:

"I don't know how it is with women" (I thought his

tone held apology, only I would not fill my eyes to read it in his face), "but with men, Mary—we men can love

twice, aye, and twice times over, I suppose; and each time we love, it is true of its kind and not of loving."

There was Humphreys" (the name was out, my childhood's friend, my girlhood's unconscious rival, in

somehow back to friendship again even in this, did her life still cross mine where my cousin Albert was

concerned?). I dropped my sewing now, there were other things to work, more vital things than the stitching, which was merely a refuge.

"Yes, Albert—about Humphreys?"

"Why, she's married."

page of "A SON OF THE SUN."

THE DEVILS OF FUATINO

and the men are waiting. The strange white men do not know you are come. Give me a boat, and the guns, and I will go back before the sun. And when you come to-morrow we will be ready for the word from you to kill the strange white men. They must be killed. Big Brother, you have ever been of the blood with us, and the men and women have prayed to many gods for your coming. And you are come."

"I will go in the boat with you," Grief said.

"No, Big Brother," was Mauriri's reply.

"You must be with the schooner. The strange white men will fear the schooner, not us. We

will have the guns, and they will not know. It is only when they see your schooner come that they will be alarmed. Send the young man there with

the boat."

So it was that Brown, thrilling with all the

romance and adventure he had read and guessed

and never lived, took his place in the sternsheets

of a whaleboat, loaded with rifles and cartridges,

rowed by four Ralatesa sailors, steered by a

golden-brown, sea-winning flout, and directed

through the warm tropic darkness toward the half-

mythical low island of Fuatino, which had been

invaded by twentieth-century pirates.

MILLS & BOON, Ltd., 49 RUPERT ST., LONDON, W.

